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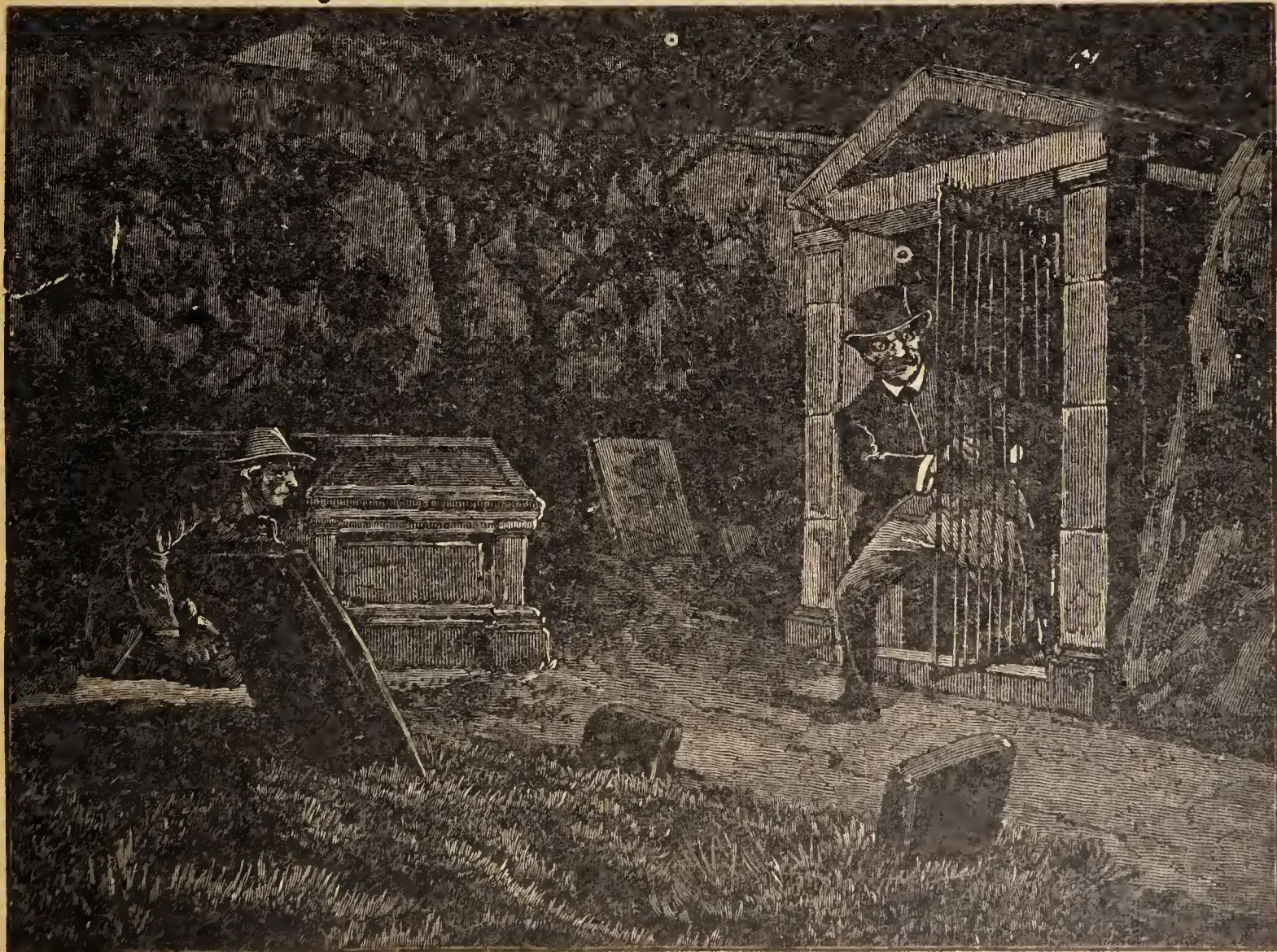
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# The Haunted Churchyard,

OR,

## OLD KING BRADY, THE DETECTIVE, AND THE MYSTERY OF THE IRON VAULT.

By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.



A harsh, grating sound, proceeding from the direction of the vault, had met his ears. Old King Brady dropped down behind the tomb, and lying flat, peered forward. To his intense amazement, he saw the door slowly open, and a man's head thrust out.



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*Charles Bragin*  
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## THE HAUNTED CHURCHYARD: OR, Old King Brady the Detective and the Mystery of the Iron Vault.

By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE,

Author of "Old King Brady and the James Boys," "The Belt of Gold; or, Old King Brady in Peru," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER I.

T. LUM WALKS IN.

"WALTER!"

"Sir?"

"I won't have it—no, I won't."

"Won't have what, sir?"

"Don't question me, you impudent young beggar. I say I won't have it—no, I won't."

"But, Mr. Doxey—"

"There, there, that will do. You're discharged. Go to the cashier and get your money, boy. I won't have it—no I won't!"

And Mr. Theophrastus Doxey, looking very fierce and determined, gave the long ends of his red mustache an extra twist, and walking the length of the store, entered the office in the rear, and slammed the door.

Now Mr. Theophrastus Doxey was senior partner in the firm of Doxey & Dow, hide and leather merchants on High street, in the good city of Boston, and a very great man in his own estimation.

Walter Doane, on the contrary, was only a nobody, a waif, a child of the poorhouse; and besides these drawbacks to greatness, he had the misfortune to be the lowest clerk in Mr. Doxey's employ.

"I won't have it! No, I won't!" mimicked Harry Cone, twisting the ends of an imaginary mustache. "Young man, you are bounced—fired out. Skip, vamoose, mizzle. Pshaw, Walt, why didn't you give the old hunk one in the eye—I would if I'd been you."

Harry Cone, who had been concealed behind a pile of hides, had heard it all.

"No, you wouldn't, Harry," replied Walter, with as much calmness as he could assume, considering the excitement under which he was laboring. "I don't believe you would have laid a finger on him any more than I."

"Wouldn't I?"

"Would you?"

"I'd get square with him somehow. He's the meanest man in Boston."

"I intend to get square with Mr. Doxey," muttered Walter between his set teeth, as he moved toward the cashier's desk. "Wait a bit, Harry; you'll see."

It was a foolish remark, and a hasty one. That it was also a most unfortunate one for Walter will presently be seen.

At that moment Walter's mind was full of bitter, revengeful thoughts, and no wonder, for Mr. Doxey's conduct had been harsh and unreasonable in the extreme.

For two full years Walter Doane had served the firm faithfully, and to be discharged at a moment's notice now, for something over which he had no control, seemed almost too hard.

It was all owing to T. Lum.

Who was T. Lum?

It would have been quite useless for Mr. Doxey to have questioned the boy in this particular for he did not know.

All he could have told him was that while busy with his usual duties that morning, the store door had suddenly opened, and a man of the most singular appearance walked in.

He was very short, very fat, very old and very gray.

He was very well dressed, wore a very tall hat on his head, and very large gold spectacles upon his nose, while in his hand he carried a very heavy gold-headed cane.

"Walter Doane?" he said, walking straight up to the spot where our hero in his shirt sleeves was busy sorting hides.

"Yes, sir. That's my name," answered Walter, and he could not refrain from regarding his singular visitor with a good deal of curious surprise.

"T. Lum," replied the little man, opening and closing his mouth with a snap like a fish, "T. Lum."

"Sir!"

"T. Lum!" repeated the man. "T. Lum."

"I don't understand you, sir."

"I am T. Lum."

"Oh."

"Yes."

"Did you want to see me?" asked Walter, his perplexity increasing.

"Yes," and T. Lum continued to stare at the boy through his spectacles in the most provoking way.

"What did you want?"

"I have something to tell you."

"What is it?"

"Meet me at midnight on the corner of City Hall Place and School street and you shall find out," replied the man. "If you know when you are well off you will be there on time."

Then, as though surprised at himself to find that he had said so much, T. Lum closed his jaws with a snap, and turning abruptly, trotted out of the store without another word.

"Who is that man, Walter?" demanded Mr. Doxey, suddenly appearing behind the boy.

"I don't know, sir. He says his name is Lum."

"Well, I won't have it, no, I won't," snarled the leather merchant. "I'll not permit any of my employees to receive visitors during business hours. Walter Doane, you are discharged."

That was the way it began.

We have already related how it ended.

Because T. Lum walked in Walter Doane walked out, for Mr. Doxey would listen to neither explanation nor reason.

And this was how Walter came to lose the position in which he had struggled so hard so please.

It was tyrannical, cruel, unjust, but Mr. Doxey was a rich man and Walter Doane only a poor boy.

From the day he left the poor house up at Gullford Center, a small town in northern Massachusetts, about which his earliest recollections centered, and had come down to Boston to seek his fortune, Walter had struggled hard.

He had sold newspapers, blacked boots, run of errands—done anything, everything that came to



his hand to do, and when good-natured Mr. Dow, taking a liking for the merry-faced, black-eyed youth, had given him a position in the leather store, Walter actually regarded his fortune as good as made.

Now at eighteen he was cast adrift again, with only a few dollars in his pocket, and all because T. Lum walked in.

He had never seen the man before—never even heard of him.

He had no more idea why he should have made the singular appointment than the man in the moon, and to be dismissed for a matter over which he had absolutely no control whatever was certainly very hard.

All that day Walter roamed about the streets of Boston in a most unenviable frame of mind.

Who was T. Lum? What did he want? Should he keep the strange appointment or not?

These were the questions ever uppermost in his thoughts.

Just at nightfall Walter had an adventure, which, considering the circumstances just related, was certainly very odd.

While walking idly along through the upper end of Washington street, almost as far out as the Norfolk House, he had the fortune or misfortune to save a beautiful young girl from destruction in quite the proper style of all well regulated tales.

A runaway horse—a frightened female of great beauty loudly shrieking for assistance—a brave and daring youth who recklessly dashes to the rescue, tops the foaming steed and all that sort of thing.

Now this was precisely what happened to Walter.

That the act was a daring one cannot be denied.

The horse which was attached to a little phaeton stood trembling violently.

It was quite evident that it was altogether unsafe for the girl to drive him, therefore Walter completed his obligation by politely offering to enter the phaeton and see the rescued safely to her home.

"Oh, I wish you would, sir. I'd be so much obliged to you," said the girl, who seemed in a terrible state of agitation.

"I should never dare to drive Charlie home alone after the way he has acted; indeed, I don't think I shall ever venture out alone with him again."

"I shall be only too happy," replied Walter, gallantly, and leaping into the phaeton he seated himself by the side of the rescued and caught up the reins.

The drive was a short one.

It came to an end before a large, stylish house at the Highlands.

Walter assisting his charge to alight, hitched the horse to a post and was about to raise his hat with a polite good-evening, when the girl insisted upon his coming in.

"My father will be so glad to thank you for what you have done," she said earnestly; "I am sure he would never forgive me if I were to let you go."

Walter demurred.

The girl persisted.

It ended by the boy hesitatingly following her into a handsomely furnished parlor, behind which was a library to be seen through a partly open door.

"There's papa now!" exclaimed the girl as they entered, and Walter could distinguish a man's form seated at a table in the library.

Fancy his amazement at recognizing the man as Mr. Theophrastus Doxey!

"I'll bring him out in one moment!" exclaimed the girl before Walter had time to even display his surprise.

He had already told her his name and that without receiving hers in return.

It was too late to say a word now for she was gone.

"Confound it, I don't want to see him," thought the boy. "I shall be sure to say something for which I shall be sorry afterward if I do."

Yet he hesitated to leave, and his hesitation continued a moment too long, for, before he had made up his mind, the girl entered the parlor again.

"My father is busy and cannot see you now," she said disappointedly.

"It is of no consequence," answered Walter. "I suppose he told you who I am, Miss Doxey, and that I was discharged from the store, to-day?"

"Yes, he did, and I think it's real mean."

"I don't think it was exactly the square thing myself. I wasn't to blame."

"I'm very sure of that, Mr. Doane, although papa didn't tell me why he discharged you. I'm sure I shall never forget that you saved my life."

"Oh, pshaw! that was nothing. I'm only too glad to have been on hand."

"But I think it was a great deal, and I think papa is just too mean for anything. If I had any influence over him I'd try to get him to take you back, but I haven't one bit."

"I wouldn't go back now if he'd take me," replied Walter, proudly, "but I mustn't stay here any longer." Good-night, Miss Doxey.

"Good-evening, Mr. Doane, and many, many thanks."

Walter was sure he heard her shut and lock the door behind him as he descended the steps.

It was a beautiful evening in May, the year—he forgot to mention it—was 1877.

When Walter crossed the entrance to the alley which ran alongside of the house he observed the girl standing at the open side window looking after him, and he hastily turned his eyes away.

"By George, but she's a stunner," he muttered; "too handsome by half to be old Doxey's daughter. If it hadn't been for—"

Right at this point the boy's reflections were interrupted by the ringing report of a pistol which was immediately followed by a loud and piercing scream.

Walter stopped short, seized with the idea that the scream was in Miss Doxey's voice.

For a moment he stood hesitating.

The thought seemed ridiculous—absurd.

Still it was strong upon him, and turning he started back when just as he was crossing the entrance to the alley a shining revolver dropped at his feet.

Walter was amazed.

He looked in every direction, but could see no one.

Then without reflection as to the consequences, he picked up the revolver and dashed up the steps of Mr. Doxey's house.

Here again surprise met him, for the front door stood wide open.

So did the parlor door, and as Walter hurried in his very hair seemed to rise in horror, for there, stretched upon the floor, lay the beautiful girl whose presence he had left but a few moments before.

"Great Heavens! Can she be dead?" breathed the boy, bending over her.

There was a wound in the forehead just between the temples—that told the tale.

Walter was horror-stricken.

Raising himself hastily, he was about to dash into the library and summon Mr. Doxey, when suddenly a firm hand was laid upon his arm.

"Walter Doane, what have you done?"

The voice was deep and trembling.

The speaker was none other than Mr. Doxey himself.

## CHAPTER II.

### REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF OLD KING BRADY.

"THEN you persist in asserting that this is not your revolver, young man?"

"I do; I never owned a revolver in my life."

"But you were discovered with it in your hand standing over the dead body of Catherine Doxey. Mr. Doxey found you in this position, and there are others who can testify to the same."

"I've told you already how I came to be in possession of that pistol," answered Walter Doane, wearily, at the same time sending a defiant look toward the kindly face which confronted him. "It's no use for me to tell you over again."

"But, my boy, revolvers don't drop from the clouds."

"This one dropped from somewhere."

"The statement seems incredible."

"I can't help that."

"You are aware that one chamber of the weapon was discovered to be empty, that the ball which the doctors have extracted from the wound is a perfect fit?"

"I say again I can't help it. I have told you the truth."

"I'm afraid it is going to go hard with you, young man," said the detective, who had visited Walter's cell in the Charles street jail for the purpose of questioning him about the tragedy.

"You are known to have been the last person in Miss Doxey's presence before the murder. You were found bending over the body after the deed was done with the very weapon from which the shot was fired clutched in your hand. You swore to be revenged on Mr. Doxey for dismissing you from his employ. You—"

"Stop! That is false!" cried Walter, springing up from the cot upon which he had been sitting. "I didn't mean—"

"Unfortunately it is true. There are those who can prove it. Still I shall go no further to-night. Think well over your situation, and I will see you again in the morning. Now, good-night, and remember that you have nothing to fear from Old King Brady if you are really innocent of this terrible crime."

Thereupon the detective left the jail.

Yes, it was Old King Brady, New York's—ay, America's most famous detective.

The crime was a startling one—startling in its very boldness.

In spite of the strong net of circumstantial evidence in which Walter Doane had managed to get himself entangled, Mr. Doxey seemed inclined to believe his statement, and to consider him innocent of the crime.

We shall make no attempt to describe the father's grief or the exciting scene which followed Walter's second entrance into the Highlands mansion.

Suffice it to say that the boy did not keep the appointment made by T. Lum.

The remainder of the night was passed in a police station, and after the examination of the morning following, Walter, under suspicion of having murdered Catherine Doxey, was committed to the Charles street jail.

"If I were you," said the chief of police to Mr. Doxey, "I'd send on to New York and get Old King Brady, the detective."

Mr. Doxey had followed this advice, and at four o'clock on the afternoon following the murder the great detective was on the ground.

"Prove that boy innocent if you can, sir," said Mr. Doxey, "or prove him guilty if you must, but let it be understood right here and now, that you spare neither time nor expense to get at the truth."

Now it looked a clear case of diabolical revenge on the part of one whose nature was thoroughly depraved.

But the cases apparently the clearest were, as Old King Brady well knew from long experience, the ones apt to prove themselves the most complex.

The old detective had gone at his work with a will, as usual.

He had questioned Mr. Doxey and the servants; he had seen and talked with Harry Cone, who had not failed to repeat Walter's foolish threat of revenge. He had even proved that Walter's presence in the house the first time had come about precisely in the manner the boy had stated, and then somewhere about nine o'clock in the evening he had visited the jail and questioned the boy himself.

After leaving the Charles street jail Old King Brady took a herdie and drove straight to the Highlands.

Mr. Doxey was absent from the house when he arrived, and the detective, entering the parlor, locked the door and began a thorough examination of the room, a thing, which as yet, had not been done.

His first care was to make a critical examination of the parlor and the library behind it.

This consumed considerable time, but brought forth no results.



"It is certainly very strange," muttered the detective. "Mr. Doxey states positively that although seated at the library table writing at the time of the murder he heard neither the shot nor the girl's cry, while the boy who was in the street claims to have heard both."

"Indeed, the first suspicious sound heard by Mr. Doxey was the hurried step of the boy in the hall. He did not hear him leave, however, as he claims to have done, and this is one of the strongest arguments against the truth of his strange tale."

Now, while thus reflecting, Old King Brady was standing by the parlor window. It was the window open out upon the alley, which, as has been stated, ran alongside of the house.

He was gazing out of the window at the time looking at a window in the house on the opposite side of the alley, when all at once he felt a sensation of deathly coldness which seemed to penetrate every portion of his frame.

"Merciful powers! what is the matter with me?" thought the detective, for the same instant the room, which had been brilliantly light, grew totally dark.

He turned abruptly, and was in the act of feeling in his pocket for his match-safe, when all at once he felt a light touch upon his right wrist.

Now, a man possessed of a more abundant supply of hard common sense than Old King Brady never lived.

If any man had related a similar experience as happening to himself the detective would have unhesitatingly put him down as a falsifier or a fool.

Yet what Old King Brady saw, he saw.

Of this we have his most positive assurance, and we need only add that the old detective is truth itself.

Looking down upon his right wrist where the touch was still felt, Old King Brady perceived something which seemed to be forming itself out of the darkness.

First seen only in dim outline, it appeared to grow gradually—a shapely wrist, a thumb, then fingers—there was a hand closed about his own!

Now the sense of coldness seemed to increase until it had become an icy chill, penetrating the detective's very bones.

He tried to shake off the hand, but this he soon found to be impossible. He reached out his other hand, expecting to feel in the darkness an arm or body, but to his added amazement he felt nothing but empty space.

Nor was the hand itself a real thing, for when with his left he strove to grasp it his fingers seemed to pass right through the long, slender digits, and he could feel only his own hand beneath.

Yet the pressure of the ghostly hand was present too, and there was a distinct force felt drawing him in the direction of the library door.

To resist this force seemed at the moment quite impossible, and scarce knowing what he did, Old King Brady walked straight into the library and paused before Mr. Doxey's desk.

Now the force seemed to change its direction. It was drawing his right hand downward.

The next Old King Brady knew, he was on his knees in the act of raising a rug, which he had previously noticed spread beneath Mr. Doxey's chair, and this without the slightest exercise of his own will.

It was at this moment that he saw the hand change its place.

Instead of clutching his wrist, it now seemed to shift itself into a more natural position, and clasping his own hand, gave it a firm and very distinct pressure, and in an instant had vanished from his sight.

Precisely in the same second the room was lighted up again, and Old King Brady found himself alone kneeling beside the upturned rug.

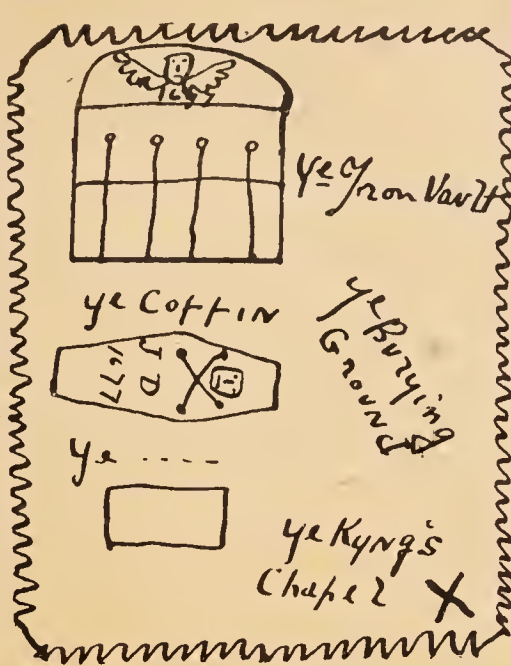
There upon the floor lay a scrap of yellow, worm-eaten paper which had been previously concealed by the rug.

"Am I going mad?" muttered Old King Brady, trembling in every limb.

Mechanically he reached out and picked up the paper.

There was writing upon it and a rude outline drawing.

In fact the paper was precisely as we represent it here.



### CHAPTER III.

#### WALTER DOANE WALKS OUT.

It lacked half an hour of midnight.

Inside the Charles street jail things were settling down for the night.

Old King Brady had been gone two hours, and the turnkey who had entered Walter's cell upon a seemingly frivolous pretext, just five minutes when the prisoner, recalling himself from his gloomy reflections, happened to raise his eyes and fix them upon the grated door.

What was the matter?

What was it that brought Walter Doane to his feet with a bound?

Though he could scarcely believe the plain evidence of his senses there stood the door ajar.

Walter's heart began beating like a trip hammer.

The temptation was entirely too strong to be resisted.

It seemed impossible that the door should have been left open by accident, equally so that it could have been by design.

"What can it mean?" thought the boy. "Oh, if I could only get out of this place—get away somewhere! Though I am innocent the evidence is all against me, and—"

Here he yielded to the now overpowering impulse, and pushed his head out into the corridor beyond the door.

It was entirely deserted.

Away down at one end a flaring gas-get could be seen. This was the direction of the jailer's quarters as Walter well knew. While the opposite direction would take him to a heavy iron door which communicated with the jail-yard.

Now in spite of the open door Walter well understood that there was not one chance in ten thousand for him to escape.

To go forward would be madness, for by so doing he would be obliged to pass the very door of the keeper's apartments.

Stimulated by the excitement of his discovery he slipped out and crept along the corridor in the direction of the yard door.

"Of course it is fastened," he murmured. "Of course I shall have to go back."

He was mistaken.

Amazing as it may seem the door at the end of the corridor was likewise found to be ajar.

With trembling hand Walter pushed it aside and peered out into the yard.

Here he could see no one, and the only sounds audible were the jingling of horse car bells on Cambridge street beyond the wall.

Now Walter had walked in the yard that noon, and had not failed to perceive a small gate in one corner, the same being part of a large gate across a driveway in from the street.

Having had such good fortune thus far, he re-

solved to go a step further, thinking that at the worst he could return to his cell.

The instant he set foot in the yard, however, the boy heard the door behind him softly close.

Alarmed at this he caught the latch—to his further amazement the door was now firmly locked.

There was something in all this—that was evident.

To hesitate now would be folly, and Walter shot across the yard in the direction of the gate.

This time he expected precisely what he found.

The gate stood slightly open.

Walter waited for nothing but slipping through it ran down the street like mad.

He was amazed! Utterly confounded.

There could be no doubt that some one had arranged this opportunity for escape, and to the best of the boy's knowledge he had not one true friend in the whole world—certainly no one sufficiently powerful to influence the actions of the authorities at the Charles street jail.

Even as he ran, he was puzzling his brains over the mystery.

When at last he slackened speed, it was near the corner of Grove and Cambridge streets, a good quarter of a mile from the jail.

"By gracious, that beats everything!" panted Walter. "It looked as though somebody had left those doors open on purpose for me to walk out."

But he was only just beginning to realize that he was out now, and he found himself wondering what he had better do.

It was midnight. He was alone, penniless, and without a friend to whom he could apply.

To seek his humble lodging over in Charlestown was his first thought; but a moment's reflection was quite sufficient to show him the folly of such a step.

Meanwhile he was hurrying on toward Bowdoin Square, and when he had crossed it and entered Court street, the sight of an illuminated name upon a street lamp brought with it a suggestion.

T. Lum!

It was midnight—a day later than the appointment to be sure, but still midnight—and the corner of Court street and City Hall Place not far away.

Should he do it?

This strange and most mysterious business had begun with T. Lum—should he push on and see if by any possibility the man might be at the appointed place.

It was hard to decide, and Walter was still thinking about it, when, just as he was crossing Scollay square, out from behind the Winthrop statue stepped the object of his thoughts.

T. Lum.

There he was just the same as Walter had seen him the day before; gold spectacles, cane, tall hat, everything, his face as unexpressive as a block of wood.

"Walter Doane, you are late," he said, in the same peculiar voice, planting himself directly in the boy's path.

So sudden and unexpected had been his appearance that Walter drew back involuntarily.

"Well, I'm here now. What do you want?" he said almost roughly, coming to a standstill as he spoke.

"T. Lum," said the man.

"What?"

"T. Lum—that's my name."

"Yes, yes! What do you want with me?"

"That would be dangerous to tell you here. You had better get under cover. It is not safe for one who has just broken jail to be seen standing on the street."

"Just broken jail!" gasped Walter, feeling a strong inclination to take to his heels.

"Tut, tut! You know well enough what I mean. Boy, follow me."

Then as T. Lum went trotting across the square toward Tremont street Walter felt that he could only obey.

"How did you get out?" demanded T. Lum, as he led the way up Tremont street toward the museum.

"Walked out. You seem to know all about it."

"I know nothing about it."

Snap! snap! went the jaws, and the gold-headed cane went clucking against the pavement as he spoke.



"I know nothing about it," he repeated. "Boy, don't you say that again."

"All right, sir."

"You've got yourself into a bad box, Walter Doane."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you want to get out of it?"

"Indeed I do."

"Then follow me and keep just as still as a mouse."

By this time they had passed the museum and were walking alongside the Old King's Chapel churchyard, which is divided from the street by a low iron rail.

Now the King's Chapel churchyard is one of the oldest, if not the oldest of the many ancient burying grounds of which Boston can boast.

Behind the rail are tombs, vaults and headstones, which for more than two centuries have covered the ashes of the dead.

It was before this rail that T. Lum halted, the particular spot being just beyond the chapel gate and close to the little stand of a newspaper dealer, who for years has been allowed to carry on his business against the churchyard rail.

Casting a hasty glance up and down the street, and seeing no one, the little man sprang suddenly upon the news-stand, displaying surprising agility for one of his peculiar build.

"Walter Doane, follow me!" he called in a sepulchral whisper.

"What! into the churchyard?" exclaimed Walter in amazement,

"Into the churchyard."

"But—"

"Fool! will you hesitate longer? Look there!"

He waved his stick in the direction of School street, where Walter could see a tall man, wearing a long, blue coat and a broad-brimmed hat of white felt, just in the act of turning the corner.

"Phew!" whistled the boy. "It's the detective that came to see me in the jail."

But T. Lum did not answer from the top of the news-stand, for he had already leaped the low rail.

"Quick! quick!" he called between the bars. "He's started to run across the street. Leap the fence and you are safe."

Upon the impulse Walter made a jump for the top of the news-stand, but it was sloping, and he managed to miss his footing and roll down upon the sidewalk with a thud.

Up again in an instant, he had just got one leg over the rail, when Old King Brady, dashlug up, caught the other with a firm hand.

"Walter Doane! You!" he cried, catching sight of the boy's face.

The words had scarcely escaped him, when from within the churchyard a loud, unearthly yell went up.

Heard in the stillness of the deserted street it was enough to make one's blood run cold.

Walter saw it, so did Old King Brady, and so also must T. Lum have seen it, for Walter could see him standing near an old, moldering head-stone about ten feet from the rail.

A woman's form, concealed beneath a long white robe, which appeared to trail behind her.

With bowed head and arms folded across her breast, she was advancing slowly and with gliding movement among the tombs.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE IRON GATE.

"Great guns! It's a ghost!"

The exclamation was from Old King Brady the detective.

Walter Doane, it will be remembered, we left in the most uncomfortable of positions, with one foot over the railing of King's Chapel churchyard, the other firmly grasped in Old King Brady's hand.

"Great guns! It's a ghost!"

Just as the exclamation escaped the lips of the detective there arose from the churchyard a wild, blood-curdling cry as of some lost soul bewailing its sad fate among the moldering tombs.

Now, Old King Brady to a certain extent believed in ghosts. This we may as well admit first as last.

The cry startled and perplexed him; the sight of the shadowy figure in white now gliding off among the old moss-covered head-stones puzzled

him still more; and for the moment he became almost oblivious to the fact that he had let go of the boy's foot, until all of a sudden he was aroused to action by seeing Walter leap over the rail.

"Stop, boy! Stop!" shouted the detective, leaping upon the news-stand.

"Run, boy! Run!" cried a dismal voice from among the headstones, which Walter did not fail to recognize as that of T. Lum.

Preferring the latter advice to the former, Walter vaulted over a crumbling tomb which bore the date 1685, and made a dash for the School street side of the yard.

By this time the ghostly figure had disappeared, and apparently T. Lum had gone with it.

"If I can only get over the fence ten seconds ahead of the old fellow I can give him the slip," thought Walter leaping over headstone after headstone, and never bothering his head about the ghost which he considered, so far as he had considered at all, but another part of T. Lum's strange doings.

He made a dive around the corner of King's Chapel with the intention of leaping the fence on the School street side.

He soon discovered, however, that to demand even ten seconds the start of Old King Brady was asking a great deal.

Although believing in ghosts the old detective was not disposed to permit one to interfere with his business, and he lost no time in leaping the fence himself and starting in pursuit.

"You'll stop or I shall fire at you!" he called in loud, distinct tones.

Walter heard, but somehow he did not feel inclined to obey.

The fact was the corner of the church was just before him and in a second he had rounded it—it would be time enough to stop when the detective called again.

This was taking big chances and in an instant the boy was sorry he had taken them, for he now perceived that the churchyard rail on this side was too high to permit him to spring over as he had hoped.

He had just reached it and could hear Old King Brady shouting again when he perceived that he was opposite another news-stand which occupied a place on the outside of the rail, and that right before him was a splendid opportunity to hide. It was now quite evident that he could not hope to escape.

The news-stand was one of those clumsy, box-like affairs, and either by accident or design it had been placed against the railing at a point where one of the iron pales had been removed.

Oddly enough, too, there was a board missing in the back of the news-stand, leaving an opening just big enough for a boy to crawl in.

Without stopping to reflect, Walter dropped upon the ground, and as noiselessly as possible, crept through the opening and crouched upon the pile of papers that he found inside.

Fortune favored him.

At the very instant of time in which he gained this retreat another and still another of those unearthly cries were heard.

Had the detective seen him enter the news-stand?

Evidently not, for just then his footsteps could be heard moving in another direction; there was some one running down School street, too, then after a moment all sounds died away.

For fully a quarter of an hour Walter Doane remained crouching upon the papers, scarcely daring to breathe.

At the end of that time the silence had grown so complete that he began to think about getting out, and it occurred to him that probably there were doors in the front of the stand. If he could manage to force one of these open he would of course be in the street.

And this was precisely what he did.

A moment's examination of the surroundings showed him that there were two doors, both fastened, but upon throwing his weight against the nearest he felt something give. The simple staple which held the padlock had been easily forced, and the door flew open.

Without the slightest delay Walter crawled out,

and running along the stone wall, which on the School street side of the old churchyard underlies the railing, he soon found himself opposite the City Hall.

Over in the Parker House there were lights burning, but the street was entirely deserted.

When Walter reached the corner of City Hall Place he had not seen a soul, and thinking that the alley offered a better chance to escape than the broader thoroughfare, he now turned into it, and had run almost through to Court street, when suddenly a man sprang out from the shadows of the Court House on his left, and planted himself directly in his path.

It was T. Lum.

"Stop!" he exclaimed in a low, commanding whisper. "Stop!"

Walter came to a halt at once.

"Where is that man?" demanded the mysterious.

"I—I don't know," panted Walter. "I gave him the slip."

"Thanks to me."

"How to you!"

"I did the shrieking business. Didn't I do it well?"

"Was it you?"

"Yes."

"But that other thing—that figure in white."

T. Lum shook his head and looked very solemn.

"That," he replied, "is something that I don't pretend to explain."

"The detective evidently thought it was a ghost."

"He can think what he likes. You can call it what you please. I have seen the thing before. I expect to see it again. If you can tell me what it is I wish you would. I can't tell you."

It was the longest speech T. Lum had yet made.

"But I don't believe in ghosts."

"Believe what you like," answered the man, with his usual abruptness; "at last I have got you where I want you, Walter Doane."

Then, for the first time, it occurred to Walter that he was close to the corner of Court street and City Hall Place, and in company with T. Lum in the dead of night.

In spite of himself, in spite of the many obstacles that had intervened, the mysterious appointment had been kept.

"What do you want with me?" he demanded, shortly. "I'm getting tired of this. I've had trouble enough on your account."

"I've made you no trouble, young man."

"I say you have."

"And I say I haven't. But for me you would still be in jail—you understand?"

"No, I'll be blest if I do."

"I shan't try to make you. Walter Doane, follow me."

Walter hesitated.

In spite of the peril which surrounded him, and of the uncomfortable situation in which he was placed, he still felt unwilling to submit blindly to the guidance of this singular individual, and in all probability T. Lum, who was watching him closely, saw just how he felt.

"Come," he said with a more kindly intonation. "I want you to understand that I am your friend."

"Perhaps you are, but you take a strange way of showing it."

"Do I? I got you out of Charles street jail. Was there anything unfriendly in that?"

"So you said before, but I don't know whether to believe you or not."

"It is true."

"How did you fix it? I found the doors open and just walked out."

"I know it. I saw you come out."

"You did?"

"I did. I followed you all the way to Scollay's Square."

"But how did you manage it?"

"That I shan't tell you. If that confounded detective hadn't interfered we would have been through this business now. I'm in a hurry to get through with it. Are you coming or not?"

"Where do you want me to go?"

"I'll show you in a moment. It's entirely for your good."



"Why not tell me?"

"Because I don't choose to. If you delay much longer I'll drop the whole matter and leave you to be picked up by the first policeman you meet."

There was truth in the suggestion and Walter saw it.

Penniless, friendless, charged unjustly with a terrible crime, what could he hope to do?

"I'll go," he said, reluctantly, though I'm sure I haven't the faintest idea what you want of me. If it's any crooked business I shall have nothing to do with it—just make up your mind to that at the start."

"Humph," muttered the man. "That's all the thanks I get for trying to be of service to you. However, it is no more than might be expected. Walter Doane, you are an ungrateful, suspicious fellow, but if you know when you are well off you will follow me."

And as T. Lum led the way over into the dark shadows of the Court House Walter followed on.

Now the boy thought that no one in Boston knew this portion of the city better than he, and yet when he had reached a certain angle in the gray granite buildings before him he was surprised at the sight of a small iron gate opening beneath an archway, which he could not recollect ever having seen before.

There was a brass knob attached to the gate, and T. Lum, taking hold of this, pushed the gate open and stepped in under the arch.

"Come in!" he said, beckoning.

Walter followed, and the gate closed behind him with a slam.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### OLD KING BRADY'S MISHAP.

No, Old King Brady did not see Walter crawl into the news-stand, and the reason was that he happened to be too late in turning the corner of the church to accomplish this by just a second and a half.

When the detective did get around in sight of the School street side of the church-yard he could hear some one running outside the rail just as Walter had heard, and then came the repetition of those dismal cries.

Hurrying toward the railing, Old King Brady saw a boy's figure dashing across the street in the direction of the Parker House, and, as was perfectly natural under the circumstances, he at once assumed it to be Walter.

Favored by his unusual height, he reached for the top bar of the railing, caught it, and without much difficulty managed to climb over the fence and drop down upon the other side.

In a few moments, however, he was back again at the Tremont street news-stand, feeling not a little chagrined.

He had followed the boy into the Parker House, only to find that he belonged there—a call-boy sent out upon an errand to a neighboring drug store, in point of fact.

Now he had returned to the point where all these singular happenings began.

T. Lum, Walter and the ghost had all three vanished, and there lay the old church-yard looking grim and silent in the darkness, the high walls of the surrounding buildings casting long shadows over its crumbling stones.

"Hello, who are you, and what's all that yelling about?" asked a policeman, who came hurrying up.

Old King Brady explained briefly that he was a detective—that he *thought* his man had leaped the rail. He never said a word about his ghostly experience, and professed utter ignorance concerning the unearthly cries.

"They do say that the old churchyard is haunted," said the policeman, civil enough after Old King Brady had exhibited his shield. "I've never heard nothing like them yells myself, but I've heard strange stories told about the place. Have you been in?"

"Yes."

"And can't find your man?"

"No."

"What's he wanted for?"

"Murder."

"You don't say so! What are you going to do?"

"I think I'll wait quietly here. Perhaps he may show himself by and by."

"Can I help you? I'll go in with you if you wish."

"No, thank you. I think I can manage the case. Much obliged all the same."

"Well, I wish you luck," said the policeman as he moved away. "I'll be round again in about half an hour and see how you get on."

"Meanwhile, I think I'll get in," muttered Old King Brady after the policeman had passed from view. "How that boy came to break jail is none of my business, but it is my business to catch him. I can only watch and wait."

He jumped up upon the news-stand, and as noiselessly as possible dropped over the fence.

Within the churchyard utter silence reigned as Old King Brady proceeded to pick his way among the tombs.

But where was the particular tomb indicated on the paper so mysteriously placed in his hand at Mr. Doxey's house?

This question was uppermost in his thoughts, more particularly even than Walter—more than the puzzling question of the true nature of that ghostly form.

"There is something very mysterious about this business," reflected Old King Brady, "but I never came across a mystery without an explanation yet. The woman in white I can't explain, the boy I believe to be innocent, or at the worst only a tool in the hands of others, but how about that little old man?"

Yes, how about T. Lum?

That was what Old King Brady wanted to know, for while his attention had been held by Walter and the ghost that oddest of odd individuals had likewise disappeared.

Now, as Old King Brady had carefully studied the paper while coming down from the Highlands in the horse-car, he saw at once that the particular tomb indicated thereon must lie over in the corner formed by the angle of the walls of the court-house and the museum, but to locate it more accurately in the darkness he soon discovered was a hopeless task.

"I'll give it up until to-morrow," he resolved. "Meanwhile I'll go on the watch. Perhaps if I hold on a bit one of them may turn up."

A low tomb, deep in the shadow of the Museum wall, formed a convenient resting place, and the detective sat down upon it.

Ten—twenty minutes—a full half-hour elapsed, still finding him at his lonely post.

Directly before him was an ancient tomb, a mound of earth with an arched doorway in front, partly sunken beneath the surface, and guarded by a rusty iron grating.

Several times Old King Brady's eyes had wandered in the direction of this tomb, and as often he had found himself wondering whether this could be the "iron vault" of which he had come in search.

"I believe I'll take a closer look at that tomb," he thought at a little before one o'clock. "There don't seem to be much doubt that the boy has given me the slip, and as for the old man—"

He had half-risen, but he now dropped down again, and suddenly paused in his reflections.

A harsh, grating sound, proceeding from the direction of the vault, had met his ears.

Old King Brady dropped down behind the tomb, and lying flat, peered forward.

To his intense amazement, he saw the door slowly open, and a man's head thrust out.

It was no ghost this time, for ghosts do not as a rule indulge in gold spectacles and plug hats, while the head which was now protruded from the vault was provided with both.

Presently more of the man appeared; a short, fat body as round as a ball, a pair of long arms, and two little legs, and out stepped T. Lum, grasping his cane in one hand, while in the other he held a dark lantern, which he flashed cautiously about among the stones.

Now Old King Brady's first impulse was to spring to his feet and seize the fellow; but an instant's reflection was sufficient to show him the folly of such a move.

Who was this man?

What charge could he bring against him?

There lay the difficulty, while if on the other hand he were to follow him, there existed a reasonable chance of finding out much concerning the mysterious tragedy at the Highlands, which was exactly what he wanted, after all.

Old King Brady drew back, held his breath, and remained motionless.

Meanwhile, T. Lum having carefully closed the grated door of the vault, proceeded to do the same with the slide of his lantern. Then putting that article in the breast pocket of his coat, he walked slowly toward the Tremont street side of the churchyard.

By the time he had gained the news-stand Old King Brady was following, and he saw the little man thrust his arms through the pallings, seize the top of the stand and pull himself up to the cross-piece of the fence with the agility of a cat.

In another moment he had scaled it, and before he had reached the end of the Museum the detective had followed.

There he was trotting down Tremont street looking as innocent and comfortable as you please.

"Now for a little bit of shadowing," thought the detective; "if I don't find out where you intend to sleep to-night, my friend, I'll know the reason why."

Just then T. Lum stopped, and as a matter of course, Old King Brady stopped too.

He saw the little man take a small box from his pocket, open it, and thrusting his fingers in draw out something which he seemed to apply to his nose.

Then he sneezed once, rousing the echoes of the deserted street and trotted on as before.

"Pshaw," muttered the detective, whose curiosity had been aroused. "I thought I was about to make some grand discovery, but after all it only amounts to a pinch of snuff. Where is the little fellow going to lead me I wonder? I wish I knew more about Boston than I do."

In truth he knew very little about the city, but after T. Lum had led him along Court street to Boudoin Square and thence into Cambridge street he recognized the fact that he was following the road he had taken that afternoon on his visit to the Charles street jail.

He half suspected that T. Lum would go to the jail, but he did not.

On the contrary, he passed directly by Charles street, and in a few moments was upon the long bridge leading across the Charles river to Cambridgeport.

Here all was open, and shadowing extremely difficult.

If T. Lum had only looked behind him, he must surely have seen the detective, but as it was, he never turned around once.

There were few persons upon the bridge, but covered market wagons driving into the city were plenty enough.

By and by, Old King Brady heard a loud whistle ahead of him, and presently became aware that a draw was about to open—there was a tug towing a schooner, whose whistle just then gave an unearthly shriek in answer, and the detective saw his man start forward on the run.

"The mischief! If he puts the draw-bridge between us I'm done for," thought Old King Brady.

He bounded forward, but luck was against him.

T. Lum succeeded in gaining the draw, while Old King Brady found himself just a second too late.

There were several men standing around, and one or two teams.

Already the draw was turning, and Old King Brady could see T. Lum trotting off at the other end.

Was there no way to reach him?

Clearly none—yet the detective approached closer to the edge of the open draw than was really safe, and peered across.

"Look out!" shouted a voice behind him.

"Be careful there—you'll fall!" repeated the voice almost in his ear, and before he could fairly turn.

Old King Brady had just time to catch sight of a tall man wearing a heavy cloak, and a low, slouch



hat, who, while repeating the warning, at the same time gave him a violent push.

Before he could utter a word he went whirling headlong into the open draw.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### THE OLD HOUSE AT THE END OF THE ARCH.

It was an ancient mansion, built far back in colonial times, when Boston was but a village and acknowledged the British monarch as her king.

Its sides were of red brick, its front of rough blue stones, its back was up against the wall of another building, and in such a position that no one could see it, but probably it was the same as the front.

Bricks were scarce in the days when the old house at the end of the arch was built and so was glass apparently, for the windows were ridiculously small and the panes six to a sash.

Fastened to the door was an enormous knocker of solid brass, representing a lion's head with a ring in the mouth, useless now for use one had lived in the old house within the memory of man.

Tucked in at an odd corner, somewhere between the Court House, the museum and the City Hall, the old house at the end of the arch fronted neither on School street, Tremont street, Court street nor City Hall Place.

For a horse and cart to reach it would have been impossible, for a man to reach it unless, as the saying goes, he "knew the ropes," difficult indeed.

Few knew of its existence, and nobody—unless indeed it was the receiver of taxes, ever pretended to know to whom it belonged; yet there it was stuck away in that odd corner within a stone's throw of the Old King's Chapel churchyard, yet not in sight of it, and all going to rack and ruin; there it had been for time out of mind, and since it appeared to be nobody's business to pull it down, there it seemed likely to stay.

New Walter Doane, like the large majority of the good people of Boston, had never heard of the old house at the end of the arch. Yet when T. Lum, having shown the way, led him to it, there was just light enough for him to see that above the door, set into the lintel, were five great iron letters—D-O-A-N-E.

They were the letters of his own name.

"Ever hear of this house?" inquired T. Lum, as he proceeded to fit a big iron key into the lock.

"I never did," replied Walter, "and if any one had told me there was a house in here I wouldn't have believed them."

He was staring as he spoke at the letters above the door.

"Can you read it?" demanded the little man, as the door opened with a loud creaking sound.

"Why, it's my name—it's Doane."

"Just so, and it's your house," replied T. Lum, and he led the way through the door.

"My house? What do you mean?"

The door closed with a loud slam.

"What I say; it's your house, Walter Doane. Hold on a minute and I'll give you a light."

He struck a match, revealing a rusty tin lamp of ancient pattern standing upon a small mahogany table near the door, which, by the way, he entirely neglected to lock, having laid the key upon the table when he lit the lamp, and forgetting to take it up.

"My house?" repeated Walter, wonderingly—"my house?"

"Yes, your house."

"I don't understand you."

"I know you don't."

"Won't you explain yourself?"

"I'm going to."

"I wish you would."

"I tell you I'm going to. That's what I brought you here for."

But he did not explain himself in the least.

Instead of that he took up the lamp, and bidding Walter follow him, led the way into a large apartment, which had once been elegantly furnished, though now far gone in decay.

Expensive damask curtains hung at the windows a mass of moth-eaten rags. Articles of furniture, mostly of solid mahogany and of antique pattern, stood at different angles about the room,

broken and disfigured, while the carpet, a mere tatter, was thick with dust.

Hung at intervals upon the walls were several portraits of gentlemen and ladies in the dress of the colonial periods, all so blackened with age that their features were scarce discernible; but even had it been otherwise Walter would have had no opportunity to study them, for T. Lum hurried him on to other rooms.

It was just the same everywhere.

Library, drawing-room, dining-room and chambers were visited. All were furnished, but each a scene of ruin and decay.

Meanwhile T. Lum positively would not talk, and Walter grew tired of trying to make him, but followed him in silence from room to room, wondering where it was all to end.

Back in the room they had first inspected again, T. Lum set the lamp down upon a marble-topped stand.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he asked in his usual abrupt fashion.

"I think it's a regular old den," replied Walter.

"A regular old den! Ha, ha! Pretty good! Pretty good. Suug spot, though, ain't it?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean it is a snug spot for you to hide in. Right back of the court-house, and yet I'll wager the police will never think of looking for you here, if you mind your 'P's and Q's.'"

"Perhaps not, but why should I hide here?"

"Why? Because."

"Because what?"

"Because this house belongs to you."

"That's what you said before, and I'm tired of asking you to explain."

"Oh, I'll explain. Walter Doane, who are you?"

"Who am I?"

"Evidently you understand my question."

"Yes, but I can't answer it."

"You don't know?"

"No, I don't."

"You began life in the poor-house."

"You seem to know all about it."

"I do know all about it. Your father was a miserable, drunken scoundrel; your mother a good woman, but a nobody. Your paternal grandfather was a broken down merchant; his father was a pirate, people said, but his grandfather was one of the richest men in Boston, and he was the first and the last of the Doanes who lived in this house. That takes us back to the year 1677—two hundred years, just."

"Do you mean to say that this house has stood here for two hundred years?" exclaimed Walter, who was beginning to become interested.

"No," replied T. Lum, "I believe it to have been built about the year 1720, but 1677 was the year your great-great-great grandfather, John Doane, made his will."

Walter stared.

"You don't understand me yet," said T. Lum, who seemed to enjoy his perplexity.

"I confess I don't."

"There he is."

"Who?" exclaimed Walter, starting, for the man had burst out so suddenly that he almost expected to see the ghost of his great-great-great grandfather coming through the door.

"John Doane—that's his picture!" and T. Lum waved the light toward a portrait of a grim old Puritan that hung on the wall.

"Oh!"

"Yes."

"I wish you'd explain this business. You make me tired."

"Ha, ha! Tired! Well, well. Why, boy, this land is worth \$50,000 of anybody's money, though, of course, the house and furniture are good for nothing."

"Do the things go with the house?"

"Oh, yes; but they didn't belong to your great grandfather. They were left here by one of the tenants about fifty years ago, I believe, all except the portraits—they belong to the Doanes."

"I'd like to know who you are and what you've got to do with it all?" said Walter, wearily.

"I—oh, I'm only T. Lum," was the reply, "and

all I've got to do with it is to make the house and all that it contains over to you. Come on!"

He picked up the lamp again as he spoke and led the way to the cellar, Walter following, filled with wonder as to how it was all to end.

Here there was but little rubbish, but the place had a confined, moldy smell for all the world like a tomb.

Standing the lamp upon a barrel T. Lum walked to one of the walls, and pausing before a stone upon which the date 1677 was deeply cut, seemed to press some hidden spring.

Instantly the stone moved outward as though upon hinges, disclosing a large, square box of some dark colored wood inside an open space about three feet square.

"Take it out, Walter Doane, it is yours," said T. Lum drawing back. "It contains the title deeds for this house."

Walter, wondering why he didn't take it out himself, approached the cavity and reaching in drew out the box.

It was not altogether easy to get at it, for the cavity was deeper than it looked and almost as high as his head.

"Here it is; what now?" he exclaimed as he drew forth the box.

There was no answer.

Walter turned and glanced behind him.

At the same instant the lamp was extinguished and a low, unearthly laugh echoed back from the cellar walls.

"Hello, Mr. Lum! Where are you?" cried the boy, not a little affected by the strangeness of what had happened.

Still no answer.

For a moment there was utter silence, broken at last by the loud slamming of a door, and the sound of some heavy body falling upon the floor directly over Walter's head.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### THE GHOSTLY HAND APPEARS AGAIN.

THE box fell from Walter's hand and went crashing to the cellar floor in echo of the crash above.

"By thunder, something dropped! What was it?" exclaimed Walter, mentally, and he stood stock still in the darkness, waiting for further sounds.

His patience was not tried long.

"Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! Fill 'em up again, mein herr! Zwei beer!"

Down the cellar stairs came the unearthly laugh once more, and following close upon it was a combination of the most peculiar noises upon the floor above his head.

"Why, there's some one up-stairs there!" breathed the boy, more terrified possibly at the presence of the living than the supposed presence of the dead.

"Mr. Lum! Mr. Lum!" he called again.

There was no answer.

The noises overhead were still continuing. It sounded for all the world as though some one were trying to dance an Irish break-down upon the floor.

"This business has got to be settled one way or the other," muttered Walter, striving as he expressed it, to bring his nerves "up to the scratch."

He felt in his pockets for a match, but found none. Matches were among the things prohibited in the Charles street jail and there had been no opportunity of getting hold of any since.

Still anything was better than staying down in the cellar alone and in the darkness, and Walter accordingly groped his way back to the opening in the wall, restored the box to its hiding-place, but taking care to leave the stone untouched, and then made for the cellar stairs.

Just about the time he reached them there was another tremendous racket overhead.

It was the same as before—we mean the sound of some one falling. After that all was perfectly still.

"What a terrible house!" muttered the boy. "However, here goes. It's no ghost—that's one sure thing. Ghosts ain't supposed to call for zwei beer."

It was the mysterious disappearance of T. Lum that bothered him most—that and the impossibility of obtaining light. He now groped his way up—



stairs, determined to make a bold dash for the door and thus gain the street beyond.

Perhaps he might have been successful, but before he got to the topmost step light suddenly flashed behind him, and upon looking down he beheld to his amazement the lamp which T. Lum had carried standing upon a barrel and burning as brightly as though it had never gone out.

It was enough to make one's hair stand on end—it was, indeed.

Preferring Lum to terrors unknown, Walter hurried down cellar again, fully expecting to encounter that singular individual, but he was not there.

T. Lum had utterly vanished.

Seizing the lamp, Walter searched the cellar from one end to the other, but could not find hide nor hair of the little man, as the saying goes.

Now all sound had ceased above, and taking the lamp Walter ventured up-stairs again.

It was no time to examine the box, and he therefore resolved to leave it where it was until some more favorable opportunity offered to investigate the secrets it contained.

Walter had scarcely gained the passage at the head of the cellar stairs when his ears were greeted by a curious noise which he at first took to be the grunting of a pig.

It appeared to come from the room where the portraits were, and a moment's attention to it showed him that the noise was that of some one snoring.

He started forward, but before he had advanced three steps a draught of cold air struck his face.

Now he saw that the outer door which T. Lum had neglected to lock stood wide open and that the parlor door was open too.

Walter peered in at the latter and beheld a young man, apparently not much more than his own age lying stretched upon the floor and snoring loud enough to wake the dead.

Here was a new aspect of affairs.

The intruder was no ghost—that was evident at a glance.

He was very ragged and very dirty, and as Walter bent over him to examine his features, which proved to be decidedly German, his nostrils were greeted with a smell of bad whisky so powerful as to send him staggering back.

The mystery was a mystery no longer.

The fellow was simply drunk!

"By gracious this is a sweet state of affairs," muttered Walter retreating to the hall and closing the outer door.

What was he to do?

T. Lum had gone and the tramp had come.

To get rid of the latter would probably be as difficult as to bring the former back again.

If he was to take the box and abandon the field, there seemed a strong chance that he might run plump into Old King Brady the detective before he had gone ten steps beyond the entrance to the arch.

"Perhaps Mr. Lum will come back again if I only wait," he reflected. "I'm sure I don't understand where he could have gone to. I'll bet he's down cellar hiding somewhere or other. I believe I'll go down and get the box. I may as well have a look at it now as any other time, for all I can see."

He accordingly descending into the cellar, took the box out of the hole and then came up-stairs again.

The tramp was snoring as loud as ever and as even the company of a drunken snorer was better than none at all under the circumstances, Walter went into the parlor, placed the box upon a table with the lamp beside it and set himself to investigating the nature of his prize.

It was a curious affair that box. Made of some hard wood—probably mahogany—and bound around with brass, it only needed the addition of the date 1677 which was deeply cut in the lid to show how ancient it really was.

But how to open it was the puzzle.

Shaking the box Walter could hear something rattle inside, there was a decided jingle, too, as though that something were money which roused the boy's curiosity to the highest pitch.

There was a brass lock in front, and upon each side of the lock was a little raised knob or button,

but as these looked like nail heads Walter thought nothing of them, and after many ineffectual attempts to raise the lid he at last gave up in despair.

It was just at this moment that Walter Doane had an experience quite as remarkable as Old King Brady's, which we have already described.

The snorer was snoring louder than ever, and the lamp on the table was beginning to burn low, when all at once he pushed back the box, muttering as he did so:

"It's no use. I can't open the thing unless I break it."

The words were no sooner uttered than the lamp went out.

Walter leaped to his feet in despair.

"What the mischief am I to do now?" he muttered.

"Sit down, Walter Doane. I will open the box for you," said a low, silvery voice, speaking out of the darkness. "Be peaceful! Be patient, and all will be well."

Walter almost fainted.

The tones were a woman's—the voice, which had spoken almost in his ear, seemed to have a familiar sound.

A cold chill shot down the boy's spine as he beheld a hand suddenly appear before him out of the darkness, a woman's hand, small and shapely, around which was a very beautiful radiance branching off in every direction.

This radiance seemed to wax and wane, to glow like phosphorus in a darkened room, yet it did not touch the hand.

Now the hand was moving, and in an instant a sharp click was heard.

With startled eyes Walter gazed upon it—saw it move slowly toward him—felt it grasp his own hand and press it with kindly touch.

Then suddenly it vanished, and the light blazed up again.

To Walter's utter amazement the box stood upon the table.

Save for the tramp, who was still snoring as lustily as ever, the boy found himself alone.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### OLD KING BRADY IN A FIX.

Now, if there was one mishap which Old King Brady dreaded above another, it was a tumble in the water.

The reason is obvious.

Old King Brady could not swim a stroke.

Several times in his life he had had exceedingly narrow escapes from drowning.

Once in the East river, at New York [See "OLD KING BRADY IN AUSTRALIA," NEW YORK DETECTIVE LIBRARY, No. 177], and again in the Foyle, at Londonderry [See "OLD KING BRADY IN IRELAND," NEW YORK DETECTIVE LIBRARY, No. 243], upon which occasion he came within an ace of shuffling off this mortal coil.

Now it had come again, and the third experience seemed likely to prove the fatal one, for as the old detective went whirling down into the open draw and the dark waters of the Charles passed over him, the schooner passed over the waters and so quickly that the one agonizing cry which escaped the detective alone was heard.

"Hello! What's the row?" shouted the bridge-tender. "Is any one overboard?"

No one answered.

The man who had done the deed had drawn back into the shadow, and as for T. Lum, he by this time was half a block away.

"I certainly heered somebody holler," exclaimed the skipper of the schooner who was bound with a load of hemlock bark to a tannery a little further up the Charles.

"So did I," answered the bridge-tender peering down into the water over the railing.

"Hello!" he called. "Hello!"

There was no answer.

"Hello!" roared the Yankee skipper in a voice loud enough to reach the forests where the hemlock bark was grown, still no sound came in reply.

Meanwhile the man with the slouch hat stood leaning against the rail, ready to take to his heels at a moment's notice if suspicion seemed to point toward him.

Fortune favored him.

Receiving no answer to their repeated shouts the skipper and the draw-tender gave it up.

The schooner passed through, and the bridge was closed.

One of the first to cross was the man with the slouch hat, who upon gaining the Cambridge side of the river, turned into a side street, leading down among the brick-yards and tanneries, and soon was lost to view.

Meanwhile what had become of Old King Brady?

He was not dead. Oh, no, not a bit of it.

The old detective was tough, and had stood up against too many serious mishaps in his time to tamely render up the ghost just now.

The first splash was the worst—no, we are wrong; the worst was when rising after that splash, Old King Brady felt his head striking against the schooner's bottom and was driven down again.

Then he thought he was gone, and like a good Catholic he muttered a prayer to the Virgin as he shut his lips, and tried to keep as quiet as he could.

The next he knew he was up again and the stern of the schooner just passing.

Fast to the stern was a small boat; and to make a long story short Old King Brady was lucky enough to catch the gunwale just as it went shooting by.

He pulled himself in and sank down exhausted.

Though he could hear the men shouting he never answered—to save his life he could not have spoken a word.

So it was for many minutes.

The skipper of the bark schooner never thought of looking in his stern boat, and by the time Old King Brady had recovered his wind he had determined not to make his presence known.

"In a few moments they'll pull in alongside some of these factories," he reflected. "Then all I shall have to do will be to quietly slip ashore."

It turned out just as he had anticipated.

In a few moments the schooner was alongside a large frame structure, close to which and extending back from the river, was a large yard piled full of great slabs of hemlock bark.

Ding! Ding! went the bell in the engine-room of the tug.

"Lay ashore there, you long-legged blue nose!" bawled the skipper. "Lay ashore and make that bow line fast!"

Then followed a great scrambling and some swearing. The lines were made fast, the schooner brought alongside the wharf, and the tug steamed back toward the draw.

Long before she reached it Old King Brady had managed to slip out of the boat unobserved, and gliding in among the bark piles was steering for the gate when all at once he was attracted by hearing his own name pronounced in a voice which had a decidedly familiar sound.

"I tell you I'm sure of it. It was Old King Brady the detective!"

Old King Brady stopped short.

"Hush! Don't speak so loud," a second voice was heard to answer. "The very bark may have ears. One can't be too cautious in a matter of this kind."

"Right you are! This bark has ears," thought Old King Brady, and he leaned against the pile endeavoring to make out where the speakers were.

It soon became apparent that they were around upon the other end of the bark pile, and heeding the whispered caution the voices were now so lowered that it became impossible for the detective to distinguish a word that was being said.

"If I could only contrive to get on top of the pile," thought Old King Brady.

He felt of the projectug slabs of bark cautiously.

They seemed very solid, and so firmly wedged in place that an earthquake would not dislodge them—still up on top of the pile it might be another thing.

Slowly and with great caution Old King Brady began to climb the bark pile.

He was so far successful that when at last he gained the top he could still hear the whispering voices talking away undisturbed on the other side.



Yea, it was another thing on top of the pile, and a very shaky thing at that.

It seemed as though one false movement must send the whole structure toppling to the ground.

"Humph!" muttered the old man. "This only goes to show the virtue of silence. If I had let those fellows on board the schooner know that I was in the boat I should never have run across this in the world. Now to find out what those fellows are up to. Since they are making so free with my name it rather strikes me that it will pay to get on to their game."

Dragging himself out to the end of the bark pile Old King Brady peered down.

He could see nothing, for the bark was so piled that the topmost layers greatly overlapped the bottom on that side, but now he could distinguish what was being said easily enough.

"I tell you we have got to get rid of him," said the voice of the first speaker. "Suppose we were to open the vault in the King's Chapel churchyard, and find what we expect to find, why then the boy would come in for his share. It could never be done secretly, you know."

"Just so," was the whispered response, "but it strikes me if the boy is hung he will be pretty effectually out of your way."

"Bah! Who can tell whether he will hang or not. You know as well as I do that the case may drag on for a year."

"Can't you hurry it up?"

"Don't want to mix myself up in it."

"Very good. But the boy is jailed—how can you interfere?"

"No he ain't."

"What?"

"Walter Doane is not in jail."

"The mischief!"

"He escaped to-night. I went down to have a few words with— Great guns! This pile is coming down!"

There was a loud, cracking sound heard behind the speakers, and at the same instant Old King Brady felt something give way.

"Look out!" he heard some one shout below him, and over toppled the bark pile with a tremendous crash!

## CHAPTER IX.

### WALTER SEES A GHOST.

DECIDEDLY Walter Doane was frightened.

The whole thing had come upon him so unexpectedly—the result was so remarkable that it almost made his hair stand on end.

There was the box wide open before him.

Reason as he might to make himself doubt the plain evidence of his senses, this part of the business at least was real.

"Before the light went out and the vision of the flaming hand appeared, the box was shut and had resisted all his efforts.

Now it was open, and as he had not opened it, there seemed but one conclusion to draw.

Had it been opened by supernatural means?

For several moments Walter scarcely dared to touch it, but summoning courage at last he raised an inner lid, which was now disclosed.

It was precisely as he had hoped.

There was money in the box, a little pile of gold coins lying upon the top of two folded pieces of yellow parchment was the sight that met his eyes.

The coins were very ancient looking. Upon one side there was a man's head, upon the other an elaborate coat of arms. Those that Walter examined were dated 1660, 1658, 1670 and others still further back.

As there were twenty of the coins all told, and each seemed to be about the size and weight of a \$20 gold piece, Walter saw that, even taking them at their face value, he had captured something like \$400, a sum in the present empty condition of his pockets by no means to be despised.

Meanwhile the tramp was snoring as loudly as ever, and he continued to perform the most astonishing solo upon his nasal organ while Walter, taking the two time-worn documents from the box, proceeded to unfold them and examine their contents by the light of a lamp.

This proved to be the most difficult task he had yet undertaken.

Although the writing on the larger parchment was excellently handsome and the letters very large, the text was old English and about as comprehensible to the boy as Sanscrit.

Finding it quite impossible to read it he folded the document up again and was just about to put it in his pocket when he observed something written on the back in a plain running hand.

"Will of John Doane, May 1st, 1677."

This was as plain as a pike staff.

Evidently the document was of importance if T. Lum's incoherent statements meant anything at all.

The second document proved to be a very small one; in fact nothing more than a sheet of yellow, time-worn parchment about as big as a man's hand. Written across it, evidently in the hand in which the will had been indorsed, were the following lines:

"To My Great-great-great Grandson:

"Blood is thicker than water—revenge is sweet. Two hundred years have satisfied my revenge, now may my wealth return to those of my race who still exist. Behind my portrait you will find the key to the mystery, but as the changes of time may have served to destroy it, I now direct you to take up my coffin, which lies beneath the stone in the iron vault."

"JOHN DOANE, May 1, 1677."

Walter read and wondered.

The words were curiously spelled, the ink had faded, yet rendered into good English, the above was substantially the way the document read:

What could it all mean?

Wondering greatly, Walter took up the lamp and walked toward the picture of the grim old Puritan who seemed to regard him frowningly from his place against the wall.

The picture appeared to be nailed flat against the wall, and Walter saw at once that there might easily be an open space behind it.

He put out his hand with the intention of trying if it were movable, when all at once the lamp was again extinguished and total darkness reigned.

"Whew! It's coming again!" thought the boy.

He staggered back to the table, placed the lamp upon it, and strained his eyes into the gloom.

At the same instant the snoring ceased.

The silence which followed was death-like—horrible!

Walter tried to rush out of the door, but to his extreme terror found himself utterly powerless to move a step.

What could it mean?

If iron chains had bound him down he could not have been more firmly riveted to his place beside the table than he was.

"Ach! mein Heber Gott! was ish dat!"

Suddenly a thick voice, speaking in broken English, had made itself heard in the darkness.

Instinctively Walter seemed to know that it was the tramp who had spoken, and the voice might have served to break the spell had it not been that he now beheld a sight which we shall find it very difficult, if not impossible, to describe.

It was light shaping itself out of darkness—light taking upon itself the semblance of a human form.

There it was between the boy and the picture of his long-deceased ancestor, a thin, shadowy outline, a something, a nothing, a series of brilliant points which seemed to glow and sparkle as the ghostly hand had done.

As Walter first saw it entirely apart and distinct from the darkness which surrounded it, its size seemed gigantic—it rose from the floor almost to the ceiling.

While he gazed, a sensation of intense cold seized him. An iceberg could not have chilled him more, and yet, just as the flaming shadow seemed to be a thing apart from the darkness surrounding it, so the cold seemed apart from all sensation of fear.

At the same instant there came three loud, distinct knocks upon the table by the side of which Walter stood.

The knocks were followed by a yell which seemed to fairly shake the walls.

"Ah! Ah! Oh! Oh! I never drinks anoder drop! Oh! Oh! I got 'em dia time, sure."

"Hush!" whispered Walter, for he knew it was the tramp who had spoken.

The answer was another yell and then the cry:

"Led go! Led go mit my leg! Vat for you hold me? Ach Gott! Dose debblis have got me! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Then came the sound of some one scrambling about on the floor, followed by a heavy fall, after which all was still.

Meanwhile the shadowy thing had never changed its position, nor had the coldness ceased one bit.

As Walter continued to gaze he saw that the shadow was growing smaller and smaller, until at last from the dimensions of a giant it had reached those of an ordinary human being, and the light increased from the mere outline it had been at first until it covered just the space that a person might have occupied—it was simple light, as yet nothing more.

Now came another change.

First a head appeared to shape itself. The hair—a woman's hair, long, golden and silky—became visible, then the nose, a small mouth, and lastly, a pair of mild eyes of the deepest blue, shaded by long lashes as yellow as gold.

This Walter could see dimly, as one sees a woman's face behind a veil—indeed, as he looked he saw that there was a veil, a long veil, such as brides wear, reaching to the floor, and from behind it seemed to grow gradually hands, the outlines of a woman's bust, tightly laced, a long, white robe with little feet covered with delicately embroidered satin slippers being just visible beneath.

Now probably not more than one minute had elapsed up to this time from the extinguishing of the lamp.

As Walter, almost paralyzed by the horror which was increasing every second, continued to gaze, he saw the hand slowly raised and the veil swept aside.

Now the ghostly face was revealed with startling distinctness.

It was the face of the murdered victim of the tragedy at the Highlands.

At a single glance Walter saw the marvelous resemblance.

Too firmly had Kate Dorey's features been impressed upon the boy's memory to permit a mistake.

For an instant only the eyes seemed to return his gaze, then waving the right hand slightly, the figure glided past him in the direction of the door.

"Come, Walter Doane," spoke the same silvery voice heard already. "What you seek is not behind the picture. Follow me!"

## CHAPTER X.

### A PRISONER IN THE IRON VAULT.

GHOSTLY indeed looked the shadowy form as it glided through the door.

To save himself Walter could not have helped following it.

Some mysterious attraction seemed to be drawing him forward. It was scarcely necessary for the ghost to repeat the command.

Though the lamp had been left behind upon the table, there was no lack of light.

This light appeared to emanate from the form itself in minute scintillating particles.

It was something like the light which proceeds from a leatherine wheel that spins well—there was an ebb and a flow, but not a steady glow.

Walter's horror was now overwhelming, and to fully describe his sensations is quite beyond the powers of our pen.

In addition to the intense coldness which had taken possession of his entire frame, he was conscious of sharp prickling sensations, such as one experiences upon touching the poles of a mildly charged galvanic battery.

These were felt along the whole course of his spine, in his face and chest—it was especially prominent in his fingers and toes.

Seconds seemed minutes, minutes hours! Re



move his eyes from the face he could not, follow the shadow he felt he must.

Now that he had become in some slight degree accustomed to it, he could see that although the resemblance of the face to that of Mr. Doxey's murdered daughter was marvelous, yet the dress worn by the figure was that of the older time.

It was changing, too; the white robe seemed gradually fading away, and in its place came a strangely embroidered silk gown, cut very low about the bust, from which it hung loosely down to the ankles, not gathered in at all at the wrist.

Again, as he looked at the feet he could see that they were encased in silk stockings and a pair of embroidered slippers with exceedingly high heels, being totally different from anything in the shape of shoes the boy had ever seen before.

But it takes time to tell all this which impressed itself upon Walter in less than a minute. It was all seen before the figure had reached the top of the cellar stairs.

The tramp meanwhile had maintained complete silence since the falling sound had been heard.

Possibly he had fallen into the deep, drunken sleep again, or perhaps lay crouching upon the floor half paralyzed with fear.

Down the cellar stairs the figure glided, Walter following. Across the cellar it led him until the dead wall on the side toward the old King's Chapel churchyard was reached.

It did not speak again, and the idea of addressing it never once suggested itself to Walter; indeed, it is doubtful if he could have done so even if he had tried.

The distance between them was some six feet, or possibly seven, and when the figure halted it seemed to him as though an iron hand had suddenly seized his body, forcing him to do the same.

He was utterly unable to move hand or feet, nor could he utter the slightest sound.

The sense of sight alone seemed left to him, and he saw the figure stoop, extend its hand and press against one of the largest stones which formed the base of the wall.

Slowly the great mass of granite moved outward, just as that other stone had done when T. Lum pressed the hidden spring.

A low passage opening off into the darkness was revealed, and into it the shadowy form glided, beckoning to Walter to follow as it went.

The mysterious force which held the boy was loosened in an instant.

Again he found himself obliged to follow, impelled by a power which his will was utterly unable to resist.

The passage was barely high enough to permit him to stand upright—if he had been one inch taller he could not have done it.

Dark at first, it grew light after the figure entered it, but the light was that same awful, deathly glare.

The length of the passage was by no means great, and Walter had observed, to his intense relief, that the stone did not close behind him.

Presently the end was reached, and the boy beheld, rising across their path, an iron door, which suddenly flew open, revealing behind a small apartment, from which a musty smell arose.

Following still, Walter found himself standing in a burial vault, with a grated door in front, through which he could distinguish the moldering headstones of the old King's Chapel churchyard, could hear the wind sighing among the trees.

The interior of the vault was lined with rusty plates of iron; there were niches, three on each side, two at the back, in which crumbling coffins could be seen.

The floor was formed of four flat stones of gray slate, surrounding another and a larger stone, apparently marble, much discolored by time, upon which was inscribed in deep cut letters:

JOHN DOANE. 1677. Aged 80 YEARS.

The ghostly figure glided over to one corner of the vault, and sank upon its knees, remaining in an attitude of prayer.

It was precisely at this moment that Walter had an experience which threw all that had hitherto occurred entirely in the shade.

He was standing upon the white stone, when

suddenly the same iron hand seemed to seize and hold him captive.

The vault, the ghostly figure, the coffins, everything faded from before his eyes, which were drawn downward by an uncontrollable impulse.

He could now see only the stone.

Presently the stone itself seemed to undergo a change.

He found that he could see right through it, and also through the earth which lay beneath.

There was a coffin coming into view—there were bones inside of it—he could distinguish them plainly, for the coffin seemed to be a mere shell ready to crumble into dust at the slightest touch.

Passing the bones, his vision next encountered a small box of brass, green with rust, which lay beneath the coffin, but strangely enough right here the wonderful vision came to an end.

Walter found that his eyes could not penetrate the box.

Hark!

Some one was speaking.

It was that low, silvery voice once more.

"You need it, Walter Deane," the voice said, "and you must take means to get it. To-morrow, between midnight and morning, your enemies will attempt to possess themselves of it. Be watchful. You can outwit them and get the box if you try."

The last word was no sooner uttered than Walter heard a sound like a slight explosion—the ground seemed to tremble, and in an instant the whole wondrous vision had faded from before his eyes.

He could now see the interior of the vault again, though dimly, and the mysterious spell which bound him had completely loosened its hold.

The ghostly form had vanished also, leaving no trace behind.

Seized with an uncontrollable impulse to escape from the place, Walter grasped the iron bars of the gate and shook them.

He might as well have attempted to move a rock.

As for the door by which he had entered he could not find that at all.

He was a prisoner in the iron vault.

## CHAPTER XI.

### CAPTURED BY T. LUM.

THE falling bark pile, as we have said already, came to the ground with a resounding crash, and Old King Brady's ill-luck having taken him on top of it, there was nothing for the detective but to go along.

He fell sprawling upon the top of the great slabs of bark, but was fortunately uninjured.

"Look out! There she comes! I told you so!" he heard a voice shouting as the mass toppled down.

When he reached the ground and began picking himself up, there was no one in sight.

The bark had fallen over against a small frame building, which Old King Brady had previously concluded might be the office of the tannery.

Striking against the door of this structure, it had forced it inward, and as soon as the detective had time to recover his scattered senses, he found that he was at the bottom of the steps leading up to this door.

"Come on! This door," he heard the same voice exclaim on the other side of the office. "No danger now. We'll continue our confab inside."

Now the detective was more than anxious to hear the end of that confab. He wanted to gain a glimpse of the speakers, too, but at the same time it was highly necessary that they should not be permitted to obtain a glimpse of him.

"I can certainly find some place to hide inside there," flashed across his mind, and without even attempting to rise he crawled up the steps and darted along the passage, which, fortunately for his purpose, was entirely dark.

At the end of the passage were two doors, one communicating with the street, the other with the room in which the business of the tannery was carried on.

There was no time to be lost.

The footsteps of the two men could be plainly heard trampling over the fallen bark.

Opening the second door, the detective darted

into the office and peered about in the uncertain light for some suitable place in which to hide.

There was no closet, nothing but safe, desk, table and chairs.

Stony, though! There behind the stove was one of these long wood boxes, ones so common in New England. It had a lid, and was bigger than a coffin, which, indeed, it in some way resembled. Providing it proved empty, there would be plenty of room for a man inside.

The wood box was empty.

In an instant Old King Brady had dropped into it, softly closing the lid.

He was none too soon, for almost in the same instant the two men were heard to enter, and to his great disgust, while one of them flung himself into a chair, the other planted down upon the lid of the wood box, and leaned back against the wall, entirely preventing the detective from slightly raising the lid, as had been his original plan.

There was no help for it, however. There the man was and there he seemed likely to stay.

"It's going to be a deuce of a job to pile that back again," were the first words Old King Brady heard. "What do you suppose made it come down?"

"Don't know I'm sure" replied the familiar voice. "It will have to be re-piled, that's all. Now to business."

"I'm ready."

"Have you thought of any plan?"

"I can't say I have. The place is so blamed public. Upon my word I don't see how it's going to be done."

"I'm not sure but the very publicity of the place will help us."

"Don't see how."

"Nobody ever looks through the railing. A thousand persons might pass and never suspect what we were about."

"And the thousand and first would be sure to get on to us."

"There lies the danger."

"If we could only get into the iron vault, though, and close the gate behind us, we might work all night without being suspected. It's cutting through the iron bars that will make the noise. I tell you it will have to be done publicly, and in the daytime, though I'll be switched if I see how it's going to be brought about!"

"It shan't be done in the daytime!"

"How suddenly you change your mind."

"I've got an idea."

"Out with it!"

"Why not take your brother, the locksmith, into our confidence? He'll be able to find some way of opening the gate, you may be sure."

"Jack?"

"Yes."

"Well, so we might."

"Will he keep his mouth shut?"

"He will as long as he's sober."

"We'll try it, anyhow. Say between midnight and morning to-morrow. Meanwhile you have a talk with Jack."

"O. K. I'll do anything you say."

"That's settled then. Now about the boy. He must be captured and disposed of. He stands directly in my path."

"New I've got an idea."

"Good! Let's have it."

"Get Jack for both jobs."

"Can that be done?"

"Jack will do anything for money. Never saw such a feller. He'd— Say, did you hear that noise?"

"I thought I heard something."

What they heard was Old King Brady's foot striking against a stick of wood.

"I guess it's only imagination," he heard the familiar voice say, after a moment of profound silence. "Anyhow, we've said enough. Jack is a good suggestion. I'm off. See you to-morrow some time. Meanwhile you arrange everything with Jack."

In a moment their footsteps were retreating along the passage, and a door closed.

Waiting a moment, Old King Brady crawled out of the wood box and crept after them.



"They are gone, and it's my time to get out," he reflected.

Pausing before the door at the end of the passage, he listened intently.

All was still—there could be little doubt that the coast was clear.

When Old King Brady tried the door he found it unfastened; when he stopped over the bark and gained the yard, he felt sure that his movements were wholly unobserved.

"Boo! woo! woo! Boo! woo! woo!" bayed a deep-voiced dog, which came suddenly tearing around the corner of one of the bark piles.

"See him, Major, see him!" shouted the voice of the brother of that mercenary individual, Jack.

"The deuce!" thought Old King Brady, "I'm cornered now."

He bounded off among the bark piles, taking the direction which one might naturally have supposed would lead him to the street.

To his disgust, he soon discovered his error.

The passage chosen proved a perfect trap, bringing him up against a high board fence.

Either must he scale the fence or the bark piles, or beat a retreat.

Now, the first two propositions were impossible; the last could only be attempted at the risk of his life.

The baying dog—a blood-hound as big as a calf—was almost upon him when Old King Brady drew his revolver and pulled the trigger.

The shot awoke the echoes, but it had no effect upon the blood-hound. Two more leaps and he would have the brave old detective between his teeth.

Again Old King Brady raised the revolver, but before he could fire he felt the fence against which he had planted himself suddenly give way behind him, and he fell like a log into space beyond.

He could see a man spring forward as he lay on the ground, who with surprising celerity forced a board into the opening in the fence, fastening it in place by means of two iron buttons screwed against the fence on either side.

Bang! bang!

Boo! woo! woo! Boo! woo! woo!

With a sickening thud the dog had thrown himself against the fence, making the still night air fairly ring with his frantic barks.

Fortunately the board held, and Old King Brady, who at once scrambled to his feet, found himself unceremoniously seized by that mysterious little man known to Walter Doane as T. Lum.

"I've got you now!" he exclaimed. "I've got you now!"

## CHAPTER XII.

### TERRY THE TRAMP.

A PRISONER in the iron vault.

Well, it was no pleasant position.

As quickly as he could recover himself Walter began to make frantic efforts to get out.

It was clearly no use to try to force the gate—that he soon gave up. The only way was to find the iron door by which he had entered, and thus get back into the house.

Dismissing from his mind the mysterious occurrences of the night Walter began sounding the iron walls of the vault in the hope of finding the door, when all at once he saw a square space in the iron casing move outward, and there appeared the head and shoulders of a man.

It was the tramp.

He carried the lighted lamp in his hand, and a single glance was sufficient to show how frightened he was.

"Ach, mein gracious!" he exclaimed in a trembling voice, "were is sho? Were is dose ghosts? She scared me so much as never was—I thought she had run away mit you."

"Not quite. Thou you saw it all?"

"Saw it! I tink so. Vat you do in dere?"

"Nothing. I'm coming out," answered Walter promptly, and shooting through the iron door, he shut it behind him.

Taking the lamp from the tramp, he examined the fastenings carefully.

They were very simple.

So was the spring which moved the stone at the other end, and Walter closed this also, certain that

he would find no difficulty in opening it again at any time he pleased.

Meanwhile the tramp kept close to him, watching his movements and giving loud expressions in broken German to the desire to leave the house with the least possible delay.

He seemed pretty well sobered up now, and most terribly frightened.

"I want to get out mit dis," he said for the twentieth time, when they reached the top of the cellar stairs.

"Then why don't you go? What did you come here for anyhow?" demanded Walter, who now that it was all over, was trembling so that he could scarcely stand.

"How can I go ven de door ist locked?"

"It isn't locked."

"Tell you it is."

And so it proved, although Walter was positive that he had not locked it.

In a moment he spied the key on the floor.

He was about to open the door, when it occurred to him that after all he had much rather the fellow were not in too big a hurry to take himself off.

So long as he had got to remain in the house—and this seemed necessary, unless he cared to risk falling into the hands of the police—he felt that even the society of the unsavory individual before him would be better than being alone.

Beside, now that he came to examine the face of the tramp more closely he saw that he was not half a bad looking fellow.

Washed up and decently dressed his features would have looked almost handsome.

He was a mere boy, apparently but little older than Walter himself.

"Why don't you wait a bit?" said Walter. "I've got to stay here till moruing—keep me company, won't you?"

The German stared.

"Thought you would drive me out," he answered.

"I'm nothing but a bum."

"What's your name?"

"Tony, de tramp—dat's all de name I've got Say, who owns dis house?"

"I do."

"You?"

"Yes. What brought you in here?"

Tony grinned.

"Vell, I dunno. I was drunk. Don't remember nothing. Vleh I had a peer."

"I'll give you a dollar if you'll stay with me till morning."

"Bully! Give us your tolar."

"I can't do it now," replied Walter, who knew that he must first get one of the gold pieces changed. "Just keep quiet till morning and I'll make it two. Say, how came you to follow me into the vault?"

"I see you going. I was afraid to stay alone."

"Did you follow right after me?"

"Never waited a minute. Say, where's dat woman vat was all on fire? Mein Gott in Himmel, I never was so scared in mine life."

Comparing notes with Tony the tramp developed but little.

He appeared to have seen all that Walter had seen up to the time the latter left the room.

Then he had picked up the lamp and followed, curiosity getting the better of his fright.

He remained with Walter through what was left of the night.

Before morning dawned the two were on the most friendly terms.

Now that the fellow was sober he proved to be unusually intelligent.

He was a printer, he said, and had tramped on from New York, looking for work.

How he came to be in the house he professed to have not the slightest idea.

There were no further developments that night, but long before morning Walter had come to a conclusion.

For the present at least, he would remain in the strange old mansion.

The words of the apparition had taken a powerful hold on him.

If the strange vision of the vault meant anything, he was bound to know it.

Was there actually a brass box buried beneath his ancestor's coffin?

"Between midnight and morning your enemies will attempt to possess themselves of it. Be watchful. You can outwit them and get the box if you try."

Such were the words of that weird communication.

"I'll be on hand between midnight and morning," Walter resolved. "I've been through it once, and I guess I can stand it again. I'm bound to see this thing through."

During the day Walter ventured out but once.

Changing one of his gold coins at a broker's, he purchased a supply of provisions, and paid Tony his two dollars.

"Come back and stay with me to-night," he said, upon taking leave of the fellow.

Tears came to Tony's eyes.

"By schimminy, you're de fust feller vat spoke a kind word to me in a year," he exclaimed. "Vat for you stay in dat house alone mit yourself?"

Walter had told him next to nothing, and he made no explanation now.

"It's my house. I have no other place to stay," he said, quietly.

"If I come, mebbe I go troo your pockets."

"I'm not afraid. I want company."

"Did you ever see dat ghost before?"

"I never saw the house until last night."

"But you said it was your'n?"

Walter laughed.

"I'm not dead sure even of that," he answered.

"Anyhow I'm going to stay there. If you don't do any better come back and take supper with me and stay all night."

"By schimminy I vill come," said Tony, heartily. "If you ain't afraid of de ghost vy neder am I."

Walter returned to the house, and during the afternoon examined it from garret to cellar.

Every room was filled with antique furniture, riddled by moths and covered with dust.

He did not neglect to examine the portrait of John Doane, and he made the discovery that it was hung on hinges and could be lifted up. There was an opening in the wall behind it, but it contained nothing but dust.

Night came on.

It was growing terribly lonely.

Walter had bought some oil and shortly before dark he filled the lamp and lighted it.

He had just accomplished this and was returning to the room where the portraits were when all at once there came a loud knock upon the outer door.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A LITTLE TALK WITH T. LUM.

"Ah, ha!" repeated T. Lum, tightening his grip on Old King Brady. "I knew you'd get the best of 'em. I've got you now."

"Got nothing!" panted Old King Brady, who was not a little blown after his exertions. "Strikes me, my friend, that I've got you. There! What do you say to that? Now, then, the tables are turned."

He bent over the little man, and clutching his collar with strong hand almost lifted him off his feet, pushing him about like a refractory boy.

"There! What do you think of that?" he repeated. "Have you got me, or have I got you?"

"Bow-wow-wow! Bow-wow-wow!" bayed the bloodhound, throwing his huge body against the fence with a sickening thud.

"Let go of me, will you? If you don't that dog will have us both in half a minute," panted T. Lum. "Those buttons will hardly hold the gate. Then there's Moses Lusk—don't you hear him running? Don't make a fool of yourself, Brady, whatever else you do."

T. Lum spoke the truth.

Whatever might be the relationship of "Moses Lusk" to the original Moses of the hushes Old King Brady felt that capture just then must be fatal to all his plans.

Then Moses might be armed, and anyhow there was the bloodhound with his double row of fangs which would have filled a dentist's heart with delight.



"Consider that we've captured each other, and get me out of here quick," the detective whispered as the thunderous barking of the hound was repeated again.

"I'll do it, but first let go of my collar."

"You won't run away?"

"Is it likely when I've captured you?"

"Enough of that nonsense."

"I won't run away till I get ready."

"Rather you will remain with me till I get ready to let you go. I want to talk to you Mister—Mister—"

"Lum—T. Lum."

"I want to talk with you, Mr. Lumptylum."

"I beg your pardon; not Lumptylum, hut Lum—T. Lum."

"That's what I said."

"No, you didn't. But I've got lots to say to you Step through that door, and you are safe."

The place in which Old King Brady now found himself was a lumber-yard immediately adjoining the tannery premises.

The door opened by T. Lum was set in the side of a small, one-storied, brick structure standing up against a high building on the tannery side of the fence.

The building seemed ruinous and deserted and even in the darkness Old King Brady could see that the machinery inside was broken and useless. The piles of lumber which stood about showed every evidence of having been there a long time.

"What do you want to go in there for?" demanded the detective, drawing back. "We'd better make for the street."

"This is the shortest way to the street."

"Is it?"

"Yes; there is a door on the other side which will take us right out. It's just the place for a quiet talk."

"But Moses and the dog?"

"Moses has gone back and taken the dog with him. I tell you again I want to talk with you, Mr. Brady. Here we will be undisturbed. Walk in."

On the other side of the fence all was quiet now.

Evidently it was just as the little man said.

Quick as thought Old King Brady whipped out his dark lantern and sent a strong light flashing into the building.

It was empty, and he followed T. Lum inside.

"Now then, my friend, I want you to answer my questions," he said emphatically. "Do you know you're in a bad box?"

"No," replied the man, looking up at the detective through his gold spectacles with unmoved countenance.

"You are. What were you doing in that vault?"

"I ain't in a bad fix. Shan't tell you what I was doing in the vault."

"You're mixed up in some way with this Doxey murder case, to say nothing of the escape of a prisoner from the Charles street jail."

"You are all wrong."

"You'll have a chance given you to prove that. What were you doing in the King's Chapel churchyard with young Walter Doane to-night?"

"None of your business."

"Excuse me, but it's very much my business."

"No, it ain't. Your business is to discover the murderer of Kate Doxey. If you had attended to your business, instead of wasting your time following me, you would not have had the narrow escape you did."

"Then you saw me fall into the river."

"I saw you pushed into the river."

"Ah! Do you know the fellow who did it? He was one of your pals, no doubt."

"Don't be a fool. I have no wish to kill you. I am even more interested in having Kate Doxey's murderer brought to justice than you are. No, I do not know who the man was, but I suspect. You see, I was on the other side of the draw."

"Whom do you suspect?"

"Shan't tell you. Did you not see the fellow in the tannery yard?"

"No; I tried to get a look at his face but failed."

"Humph! Do you know who that tannery belongs to?"

"No."

"Doxey."

"Ah!"

"Do you know that the murdered girl is not Doxey's daughter?"

"Not his daughter!"

"No; he adopted her in infancy. I alone can tell you her true name."

"You had better do it, then."

"I'm going to. Her name was Catharine Doane—she was the sister of Walter Doane."

"You nmaze me!"

"Thought I would."

"Does Walter Doane know this?"

"No."

"Then he may still be——"

"No, he ain't. Walter Doane never fired the shot that killed his sister."

"Do you know who did?"

"No; a thousand times no. If I did I would shout his name from the housetops, Mr. Detective from New York."

For the first time T. Lum showed signs of excitement. He even went so far as to raise his voice.

"But you suspect! Tell me your suspicions," replied Old King Brady.

"I more than suspect, but I shall confide my suspicions to no one," answered the little man, hurriedly.

"I may arrest you. I can force you tell what you know."

"I am only too willing to tell all I know, but no man can force me to tell what I suspect. I want to bring the guilty to justice, but wrong the innocent I will not. Mr. Brady, Walter Doane is as innocent of that crime as you are. Understand that."

"I was sure of it. But——"

"Hark!" exclaimed T. Lum, suddenly.

"What is it? I hear nothing."

"They have forced the gate. They are coming this way."

"You must be mistaken."

"No, I ain't. Look here, you don't want to be caught on these premises. Let me say one word, then you skip."

"I——"

"Stop. The Iron vault in the King's Chapel churchyard. To-morrow at midnight something will happen there—you want to be on hand."

"I know all about that. Ah! You are right. Some one is coming. What shall we do?"

"There's no difficulty—there is the door—it will take you into the street."

Stealthy footsteps were heard advancing along the yard without.

Old King Brady stepped to the door and opened it.

The door was fastened by an ordinary spring lock on the inside.

As T. Lum had said, it communicated with the street.

"Come on!" whispered the detective, whose back had been turned for a single instant only.

There was no answer.

The sounds in the yard had now ceased to make themselves heard.

"Hello! What the mischief!" exclaimed the detective, springing back.

But T. Lum had vanished much to Old King Brady's perplexity and disgust.

With a muttered imprecation and regardless of the consequences, Old King Brady flashed his lantern about the inclosure.

It was only an old shed, where sawing and planing had once been carried on, and a moment's examination was quite sufficient to demonstrate that the little man was not there.

"He's given me the slip!" breathed the detective, rushing out of the yard.

Wasted effort.

The most persistent search in the yard failed to reveal the presence of T. Lum.

Nor was there any one else to be found.

As for the gate, that was quite intact, and the most complete silence now pervaded the tannery yard.

Greatly puzzled by the events of the night, Old King Brady was at length forced to give it up.

"Wait till I get you into my clutches again, Mr.

Lum," he muttered as he passed into the street at last and walked away.

Altogether it was a strange case.

The deeper Old King Brady looked into it the more perplexing it became.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE THREE MYSTERIOUS MEN.

THE knock on the door was repeated.

It echoed through the lofty hall and deserted rooms of the old house at the end of the arch.

Were the detectives after him again? Had they come at last?

Oddly enough, Walter Doane could think of nothing else, but when he peered through the blind slats of the parlor window he saw that it was nobody but Tony the tramp.

"Pshaw! what a fool I am!" he muttered, as he hurried to open the door. "Knew he would come, and yet I thought— Oh, by George, he's drunk again! What a shame!"

For Tony, who had evidently been leaning his full weight against the door, tumbled in headforemost the instant it was opened and went sprawling upon the hall floor.

"Gimminetti! Dat de way you shake hands mit your freunds?" he stammered thickly, getting on all fours and crawling about like a crab.

Walter was disgusted.

"Why the mischief couldn't you keep sober?" he demanded, but he gave Tony a hand nevertheless, and assisted him to the faded old sofa in the parlor, upon which he fell sprawling again at full length.

"Tain't my fault," stammered Tony; "it's de peer."

"Rubbish! I'm entirely disgusted with you."

"Tell you it's de pad peer. In Yarmany a feller can drink just so much as forty steins und keep his head; but in Boston—mein Gott in himmell Vy, in Boston, zwei glass makes a feller full up like de hock—de goat."

"Do you mean to say that you've only had two glasses of beer to-night?"

"I tell you no lie—it vos two und two."

"Four! Nonsense! Four beers wouldn't put you as you are now."

"Who said anything about four beers? I say two und two—dats twenty-two, ain't it, huh?"

"Oh, you're no good," said Walter.

"No, I don't tink I am," replied Tony, dejectedly; "but, anyhow, I keeps my promise. Say?"

"Well, what is it?"

"Haf you seen dot lady mit de haud on fire?"

"The ghost?"

"Yah."

"No, nothing has happened since you left."

"Vell, shust wake me up ven she calls, vill you?"

Aud Tony, with an air of supreme satisfaction, pulled his hat over his eyes, put his feet upon the arm of the sofa, and immediately began to snore.

Even the seven sleepers could not have been plunged into slumber more profound, and Walter, feeling the need of sleep greatly, determined to follow Tony's example, availing himself of the time that must elapse before midnight came to prove the ghostly prediction true or false.

He accordingly sented himself beside the table, turned the lamp down low, and leaning his head back against the chair was soon fast asleep.

Meanwhile it had begun to snow.

Now it does not often snow in Boston in the month of April, but there are instances on record of heavy snow storms coming in that month.

This night was destined to add one more to the record.

It began to snow at nine o'clock, and by midnight it lay two inches deep on the pavements, and the big white flakes were still falling thick and fast.

The museum was out at half past ten that night, and by 12:30 the streets had become so thoroughly deserted that even the gilded saloons on the upper side of Tremont street gave it up and extinguished their lights.

The moments crept on.

The surroundings of the King's Chapel grew lonelier and lonelier.

When the clock in the steeple of the Park street church struck one, there was not a soul in sight



either on Tremont street or on the school street side.

"It's a beast of a night, ain't it?" said the hall porter of the Parker House to the solitary hackman who remained waiting the last stray customer at the door.

"Right you are, Paddy. I mought as well give it up and get me horse in out of the snow—hold on. There come some lusers, mebbe it's they that 'll be givin' me a call."

Three young men about town were steering up School street on the opposite side, bawling the chorus of a popular song and holding fast to each other's arms.

Evidently these young gentlemen were the worse for wear, and it was equally evident that they had no use for the hackman, for they reeled past the City Hall without once looking at him, then with a whoop and a yell made a rush for the little news-stand alongside the burying-ground fence and tried to pull it away.

But in this they completely failed.

The stand would not budge.

"It's fastened down—let's pull it away from the fence and turn it upside down in the street," exclaimed one, catching hold and beginning to pull with all the strength he could muster, when all at once the sharp rapping of a policeman's club close to them sent all three flying up the street.

But no policeman appeared.

Moreover the rapping had been so close as to suggest that it might come from inside the stand.

Had either of the party been on the inside of the church-yard railing he might have seen a man crouching in the box-like inclosure precisely as Walter Doane had done the night before.

It was Old King Brady.

He had been there since half past eleven.

A visit to the old church-yard during the day had revealed to the detective this snug retreat, and he instantly determined to avail himself of it.

Now it was midnight and after, and here he was.

"Will they come?" he muttered as the sound of the retreating footsteps of the three fast young men died away. "A little more and those fellows would have tipped me over, and it's getting frightfully chilly. I—by the eternal, there's some one getting on the box!"

It was so.

Some one climbing on the top of the news-stand.

An instant later and Old King Brady saw a pair of legs descending on the inside of the rail, so close that he could have put out his hand and touched them, and a man dropped down among the grave stones, his feet sinking deep in the snow.

He was a roughly dressed individual and wore a red cotton handkerchief tied about his head beneath a low slouch hat, so arranged as to almost wholly conceal his features.

The instant he struck the ground some one dropped two spades and a bag which seemed to contain tools down after him, and immediately a second figure followed the first, and following the second came a third.

The first of the three intruders shouldered the bag, each of the others taking a spade.

Then forming in single file, they started in silence in the direction of the iron vault.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### THE STARTLING APPARITION SEEN IN THE IRON VAULT.

Did you ever, just as you were dropping off to sleep, experience a sudden sensation of fallag?

A sensation as if the bottom was just dropping out of everything, and you were sinking into illimitable space.

Precisely such a sensation did Walter Doane experience somewhere about one o'clock as he sat slumbering in his chair in the parlor of the old house at the end of the arch.

The sensation was horrible—sleekening.

It brought the boy to an upright position instantly. For a moment he could not tell where he was.

The lamp had gone out entirely, and the room was in total darkness. Complete silence reigned.

Recollecting Tony with his first return to consciousness, Walter listened for his heavy breathing, but he could not hear a sound.

"Great Scott! how I must have slept!" thought the boy. "I wonder if it is after midnight? I wonder—Heavens and earth! it's coming again!"

Yes, it was coming again. The experiences of the previous night were about to be repeated; but Walter was growing in a measure accustomed to the strange phenomena, which he was unable to comprehend, much less explain, and the sense of horror which now came over him was by no means as great as it had been before.

There was the same dim light growing, so to speak, on the other side of the room underneath the ancestral portrait.

Slowly but steadily it continued to increase until as on the previous occasion, it had shaped itself into a woman's shadowy form.

"Kate Doxey," thought the boy, and as he stared at the apparition the icy coldness came creeping over him. "It is Kate Doxey. There's no possible mistake, only she's dressed in old-fashioned style."

Still he continued to gaze, his limbs paralyzed; move from the chair he could not, though he tried it twice.

He attempted to speak too, for he had previously resolved to address the apparition if it appeared again, but in this he likewise found himself prevented.

It was simply impossible to utter a sound.

For a moment the apparition seemed to hover before him, after which, with the same peculiar movement already described, it glided toward the door.

Then came the voice, and it broke the spell.

The same silvery tones, the same words spoken with startling distinctness were heard again.

"Walter Doane, follow me."

Walter was on his feet in an instant.

Follow! He had to follow.

Some mysterious power seemed impelling him—he could not have stopped if he had tried.

He fully expected to be conducted to the cellar again, but to his surprise, when he gained the hall, there was the shadowy semblance of the murdered girl standing close to the front door.

Then the voice spoke again.

"Open the door and go around to the Tremont street front of the King's Chapel church-yard," it said, and the words were no sooner uttered than the ghostly figure seemed to pass directly through the oaken panels of the door.

In an instant it had vanished, and all was dark.

But the spell remained.

"I'll light the lamp and look for Tony," thought Walter, but when he tried to return to the parlor he found himself unable to move a step.

Some mysterious power seemed to be dragging him forward toward the door.

He could move in that direction but in no other.

Just then he recollected that he had left his hat on the parlor table, and the thought crossed his mind that if he was going out into the street, he ought to have it.

Now an occurrence in a certain sense more mysterious than all the rest, occurred.

All day long Walter had been trying to make himself believe that the apparition was purely the result of imagination, that T. Lum had been in some way connected with the opening of the secret doors communicating with the iron vault.

This was all very well, and in harmony with the usual way of explaining the mysterious appearances peculiar to certain old houses which we know exist, but which we are wholly unable to comprehend.

Now, however, T. Lum was out of the question. He had not been seen since the night before.

It was equally certain that Walter's hat was on the parlor table at the moment the thought occurred to him that he might need it. Judge, then, of his surprise, when all of an instant he felt it drop upon his head.

Really we are almost afraid to write it, yet precisely this occurred.

The next instant and the bolt of the door was hoard to shoot back, the key turned in the lock and the door itself flew open without the intervention of human hands.

Terrified beyond measure, Walter yielded to the

now uncontrollable influence which had seized him and rushed through the archway, and in a moment more found himself in City Hall Place.

Here he would have stopped, but to his dismay he found that he was entirely unable to do so.

The same mysterious power seemed to be urging him on.

The alley was entirely deserted, and when he reached Court street it was just the same.

It was still snowing fast, which was amazing to Walter, for when he had gone into the house the weather had been warm and the sky perfectly clear.

Once or twice it seemed to him that he could distinguish a shadowy form in white flitting before him, but when he looked more closely there was nothing but the snow.

Now that he was in the street he no longer hesitated, but hurried around the corner, gained Tremont street and passing the museum was soon in front of the news-stand in which Old King Brady had so nearly captured him the previous night.

Here he would have paused, but again the mysterious power seemed to impel him forward.

He sprang upon the news-stand—he could not help it.

For precisely the same reason he leaped the church-yard rail.

His feet had scarcely touched the snow when he saw the shadowy outline of the apparition rise up before him among the headstones.

As he gazed upon it the right hand was raised, and the long, white, tapering fingers seemed to beckon him on.

It glided among the headstones, Walter following. Resist the impulse he could not—in fact, he no longer tried.

The direction taken by the figure was now toward the iron vault, and before Walter had reached it his ears were greeted by the sound of suppressed voices talking and the sharp click of iron as though some one were digging in stony ground.

Through the grated door of the vault a light could be seen faintly gloaming.

The instant Walter caught sight of it the apparition disappeared.

There were three men at work inside the vault by the light of a lantern.

Still drawn forward the boy had come so close that his hands actually touched the bars.

He saw that the men were in disguise, that they had raised the stone which formed the floor of the vault and were in the act of taking out the worm-eaten, crumbling semblance of a coffin from the bottom of a deep hole.

"Be careful; it will fall to pieces," he heard one of the men say.

"Let it. What odds?" replied another. "The only wonder is that it is so well preserved."

Walter stood motionless, transfixed to the spot.

If the men had turned their eyes in his direction they must surely have discovered him, but they did not, and in a moment the coffin had been deposited at the side of the hole.

"Now then for the box," said the voice which had first spoken, when all at once Walter saw them drop the spades which they had just taken up with a startled cry.

The cause was only too apparent.

There kneeling by the side of the exhumed coffin was the shadowy form of the apparition with hands covering her face, as though deep in prayer.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

##### OLD KING BRADY FINDS HIMSELF BALKED.

THE startling apparition within the iron vault had scarcely made itself visible, when it vanished again.

A wild gust of wind, sweeping over the haunted church-yard at the same instant extinguished the lantern at the mouth of the hole and closed the iron gate with a slam.

"Merciful God!" Walter could hear a muffled voice exclaim. "Did you see it, boys, or am I going mad?"

These words, spoken in a whisper, as, in fact, was the case with all Walter had overheard so far, were no more than uttered than the boy felt a hand pressed against his mouth and a strong arm had



pulled him down behind a large marble tomb which faced the iron vault.

It broke the spell completely.

The instant the hand touched him Walter felt himself restored to his own free will again.

"Hst! Not a word! Not a sound!" a voice whispered in his ear. "Give the scoundrels full swing—it is of the utmost importance to you."

"Old King Brady, the detective!" was Walter's inward exclamation. "He's got me then at last."

He did not attempt to move—it would have been useless, and the detective's hand still kept upon his mouth prevented the possibility of reply.

As they crouched in the snow beside the tomb they could see nothing, but when the lantern was relighted, as it presently was, Walter found the view almost as good as it had been before.

The men inside the vault were talking in the faintest whispers, discussing the apparition, no doubt, and it spoke well for their courage that not one of the three showed the least disposition to retreat.

On the contrary, while one held the lantern in such a manner that its light was shed downward into the excavation, the other two seized the spades and leaping into the hole resumed their work.

Who were these men?

Moses Lush and his brother the locksmith, and the unseen plotter of the tannery, of course.

For what were they seeking?

It was precisely this that Old King Brady sought to learn, and he had inwardly resolved as he crept after the men from his hiding-place under the news-stand that he would not disturb them until they had accomplished their ends.

The sudden appearance of Walter upon the scene had startled the detective almost as much as the apparition.

Was the boy in the plot?

A moment's observation showed him that such could not be the case.

As for the shadowy form seen kneeling upon the exhumed coffin Old King Brady did not attempt to explain it—he had seen the same thing upon the night of his previous visit to the haunted church-yard, and could not explain it then. There it was—he knew nothing more.

Just now the recollection of the strange diagram which he had found in such a singular manner upon the floor of Mr. Doxey's library was uppermost in his thoughts.

If the diagram meant anything it meant that something lay buried in the iron vault beneath the coffin.

What that something was Old King Brady felt must in a few moments be made plain.

Meanwhile the digging continued, and spadeful after spadeful of earth was thrown from the hole, until at last the ringing sound of metal against metal was heard, and muffled exclamations from the diggers told the detective that the time for action had about come.

But what was he to do? The unexpected appearance of Walter upon the scene had proved a serious embarrassment.

Still here Walter was, and it had become imperatively necessary that he should trust the boy.

"Look here," he whispered, "your interests are involved in this business even more than mine. I'm going to arrest those men—can I count upon you for help?"

"I'll do whatever you say."

"You are not armed?"

"No."

"Then take this revolver. The gate is open—they cannot escape us—creep after me, and when I make a break you follow. Be sure and cover your man, but don't shoot till I give the word."

He pressed the revolver into Walter's hand, and without attempting to rise began crawling toward the iron vault, the snow preventing even the faintest sound.

"Have you got it?" they heard a voice whisper.

There was no answer that could be distinguished, but both saw one of the diggers pass up to the man with the lantern a small metallic box covered with rust and dirt.

At the same instant the two men leaped out of the hole.

Old King Brady's time had come.

He was upon his feet in an instant—the next, and followed by Walter, he had thrown the grated door wide open and leaped inside the iron vault.

"Gentlemen, I must trouble you to drop that box!" he exclaimed in a loud, commanding tone.

With a cocked revolver in each hand he covered the man with the lantern and one of the diggers; Walter's revolver did the rest.

An imprecation of rage burst from the lips of the man with the lantern.

Dashing it into the hole, the light was extinguished in an instant.

"Drop the box—throw up your hands!" shouted Old King Brady—for it was still possible to distinguish the forms of the men before them.

Even before his sentence was finished a sharp, rattling sound was heard and a flash of light burst into the vault.

"Bang! Bang!"

Two shots were fired—there was a sudden rush—the sound of a door slamming. Then all was darkness and the men had gone.

"Crack! Crack!"

This time it was the old detective's revolver, discharged just one second too late.

Indeed ten seconds would be sufficient to represent the time consumed in the sudden turning of the tables.

A door had been opened in the side of the vault exactly behind the spot where the three men stood huddled together.

There had been just time for some one to fire before all three sprang back through the opening and the door was instantly closed, though not too soon to prevent Walter from catching a glimpse of the tousled head of Tony the tramp.

"Are you hurt, young man?" was the first exclamation of Old King Brady the instant the echo of the shots from his revolver had died away.

"No. Are you?"

"I—oh, I am bullet proof. Confound them! What has happened? I don't understand it."

He sprang forward, and dark lantern in hand was examining the iron wall of the vault, but without being able to discover the slightest indication of the opening through which the three men had made their escape.

"Where was it—did you see?" he questioned hurriedly. "It was all done so quick that I didn't even fire in time. See, here's where the shots struck."

And he pointed to two slight indentations in the iron casing of the vault.

"I can open that door for you," said Walter, quietly. "I understand the whole thing."

"You! Then do it, quick. Ah, I fear you know too much."

"You don't want to forget the box. There it is at your feet."

"Humph! So they dropped it, did they? That shows that they did not look for the help which came so suddenly."

"I'm not so sure of that. I can tell you who opened this secret door."

"I saw the fellow—his name?"

"He calls himself Tony the Tramp."

"That tells me nothing. Where does the door lead to?"

"It communicates with a secret passage leading to an old house back here, which they say belongs to me."

"To you!"

"Yes."

"Mystery upon mystery, but I see you've managed to open the door at last. Lead the way now and remember I've got my eye on you. It ain't likely that four shots will be fired again and no one killed."

It had taken Walter some seconds to find the hidden spring, but when he set foot in the secret passage at last, less than a minute had elapsed all told from the time Old King Brady had first leaped into the vault.

"I'm afraid we won't catch them," he said, as he hurried along the passage; "there's nothing in the world to prevent them from gaining the street."

"You seem to know all about this place?"

"Why shouldn't I—I live here."

"What, in this hole? Nonsense!"

"No, not here of course, but in the house to which we are going."

"Ah! Now I begin to see how you came to escape me last night. Young man, you are on ticklish ground. You had better be frank and open with me, for I can assure you I'm the best friend you've got—Ha! Another door. What now?"

"I can open this also," answered Walter quietly, and he did so—they were in the cellar now.

Upon the floor above them the tramping of feet could be heard, showing that perhaps after all they were not too late.

"Quick!" exclaimed Old King Brady leaping forward, when all at once a fearful cry rang out from above:

"Murder! Murder!"

The cry was immediately followed by the sound of some heavy body falling on the floor.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE MURDER IN THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

THE significance of the sudden cry and the sounds following so closely upon it was too plain to be misunderstood.

A crime had been committed on the floor above.

In less time than it takes to pen the words, Old King Brady had gained the top of the cellar stairs and leaped into the hall.

"It is just as I feared!" he exclaimed. "Those wretches have done this dreadful deed."

Horror at the sight now revealed before him almost deprived Walter of his breath.

There, stretched upon the floor midway between the entrance to the parlor and the open street door, lay T. Lum stretched motionless in a pool of blood.

"Why, it's Mr. Lum! They have killed him!" he exclaimed. "Shall I run for a doctor? Shall we chase them—they can't be at the end of the arch yet."

"Remain precisely where you are," replied Old King Brady quietly.

He bent over the prostrate man, and aided by the dark lantern, proceeded to examine his wound, which seemed to be in the immediate region of the heart.

"The man is dead, or at least dying," he exclaimed, presently. "Stay here, boy—don't you dare to move—keep an eye on that box."

Before Walter could reply the detective had disappeared through the open door, the ring of his footfalls echoing along the arch.

Again Walter found himself alone in the haunted house, a prey to feelings of horror which even the mysterious apparition had been unable to produce.

What had happened?

The answer seemed sufficiently plain.

No doubt T. Lum in his usual mysterious way had undertaken to visit him at midnight, and encountering the three men just as they were escaping, had met his death.

And this went to prove that the unfortunate man was not in league with his enemies if nothing else.

Equally evident was it now that Tony the Tramp was nothing else than a spy.

The lamp was burning on the hall table, placed there probably by Tony in his flight, and the first thing Walter did after he had time to collect his thoughts, was to close and lock the door, after which he took up the lamp and bent over the prostrate man.

"Mr. Lum! Mr. Lum!" he called.

It seemed to him that there was a slight movement about the face. The eyes, which had been nearly closed, certainly opened wider behind the gold spectacles, and Walter felt sure he could see the lips move, though ever so little.

Was the man trying to speak?

He lay partially upon his side, his hat crushed beneath him.

Walter ran into the parlor, and seizing one of the cushions from the old sofa, hurried back, removed the hat and put the cushion beneath the head.

"Mr. Lum! Mr. Lum!" he exclaimed again. "Can you hear me?"

This time the eyes opened wide, and there was no mistaking the slight downward movement of the head.



"Who shot you?"

The whitening lips tried to form an answer, but in vain.

Still, it was evident that the man was making a mighty struggle to say something. It was positively agonizing to witness the despairing expression which came over his face.

It was a terrible moment for Walter.

Much as he longed to help the unfortunate man he was powerless to aid him in the least.

"I'm going for a doctor, I don't care what the detective says," he murmured aloud, and he would have sprung to his feet, when he was suddenly arrested by a startling sound.

It was T. Lum speaking.

Seeming to move himself by a mighty effort, he had accomplished his purpose at last.

"No! Useless—I am—dying."

"Oh, if I could only help you. If I only could," breathed Walter, bending over him again.

"No use, you can't. I'm dying. Who got the box?"

"I did. There it is on the table."

A flash of triumph seemed to pass over the face of the dying man.

"Don't—let—them—rob—you," he murmured in a voice so low that Walter could scarcely distinguish the words. "They—will—try—they—will—hang—you—if—they—can—I—I am—"

What was he about to add?

It was not written in the book of fate that Walter Doane should ever know, for at this instant a convulsive shudder was seen to pass over the prostrate form.

The eyes closed, the lips ceased to move.

T. Lum, the mysterious, had breathed his last.

For many moments Walter knelt beside the body unable to move.

Who was the strange man?

What had he tried to tell him?

A single second more of life and he would have known all—now it was too late.

There was some one knocking at the door—some one knocking very loud.

Thinking, as far as he was able to think at all, that it must be Old King Brady, Walter staggered to his feet and turned the key in the lock.

But it was not Old King Brady.

Instead, a man in citizen's dress and a blue-coated policeman stood without.

"Ah, this is the young man we want!" exclaimed the stranger, darting forward like a flash, and seizing Walter by the throat.

"We'll see if we can find a prison strong enough to hold you this time, Walter Doane!" he added. "Officer, take him in charge!"

It was then that his eyes caught sight of the body of T. Lum.

Evidently it was a surprise.

"Hal! what's this?" he exclaimed. "You young scoundrell so you've added another to your list of crimes?"

Almost black in the face from the pressure of the man's hand about his throat, Walter was powerless to answer.

He could use his eyes, however, and to his utter amazement, he saw the box suddenly raised from the table, toward which the backs of the intruders were turned, and move through the air in the direction of the cellar door, through which it immediately disappeared.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### SENTENCED FOR LIFE.

"I WANT to see one of your prisoners—young Walter Doane."

"Certainly, Mr. Doxey—certainly, sir. I shall have to trouble you to go across the yard to the hospital this time. The young man has been very sick. He has been confined to the hospital for the past three weeks."

"Indeed? What has been the matter?"

"A low fever, sir. Nothing catching, however. There's been no contagious diseases in the prison this year, thank goodness. It's mighty bad for us when there is, I can assure you, for we can't get away."

"Yes, I presume so. But I am sincerely sorry to learn of the illness of this young man. Deeply

as he has wronged me I would still bring him to a sense of the peril he is in, if possible. It is bad enough for the body to be imprisoned during the short time one has to live on earth, how much worse then to contemplate the eternal imprisonment of the soul in that dreadful region of eternal torture to which the unredeemed must inevitably go after this life comes to a close."

"Just so," was the answer. "I ain't much of a church-goer myself, Mr. Doxey, but any one can see with half an eye that you are right."

And the deputy warden of the Concord State Prison, opening the door at one end of the office, conducted his visitor across the yard to the hospital building, a small stone structure which divided the prison wall on the east at a point where begins the thick woods.

Now, it will not be necessary to introduce the deputy warden's visitor.

Our readers have heard of Mr. Theophrastus Doxey, the wealthy hide and leather merchant, before.

Two years have altered his appearance but little, though they have added to his wealth materially, but they have, on the other hand, been sad years for Walter Doane.

Sentenced for life!

What a fearful punishment to contemplate.

Terrible enough for the hardened criminal, how much more so, then, for an innocent man—a mere boy.

Such had been Walter's sentence pronounced three months after the night of his capture in the old house at the end of the arch.

The sentence had been imposed upon the boy for the murder of Kate Doxey, a crime of which he was as innocent as a child, but for which he had been tried and convicted, nevertheless.

And Old King Brady—what had he been about to permit such a thing?

Ah, well! it was fate—fate and nothing less.

The night of T. Lum's murder had been an unlucky one for Old King Brady.

He had not succeeded in catching the diggers in the iron vault, and when at last he returned to the old house he found matters decidedly changed.

The house was in charge of the police.

A young man had been arrested, he was informed—caught almost red-handed in the act of murdering the stranger, whose dead body was found in the hall.

Now this charge of course was nonsense, and Old King Brady lost no time in proving it to the authorities next day.

His story created tremendous excitement.

Grave-robbers in the King's Chapel church-yard—an outrage like that committed in the very heart of the city! What were the police about?

That's what every one believed, and Old King Brady allowed them to believe it, for he never said a word about the ghostly vision that he had seen too plainly to admit of a mistake.

That day the detective visited the tannery in Cambridge with the full intention of arresting Moses Lusk, the superintendent.

He was scarcely surprised to learn that Mr. Lusk had been discharged the day before, and had departed no one knew where.

Nor was he surprised, perhaps, to meet Mr. Doxey at the tannery, and to be summarily dismissed from that gentleman's service.

"You have accomplished nothing," said the leather-merchant. "I can't afford to waste time with you. Here's your money—get out."

Old King Brady made no answer.

Tossing the money back upon Mr. Doxey's desk, he strode out of the office.

"Wait," he muttered, "just wait until the day after to-morrow, my friend. If you don't change your tone before I get through with you, I'll know the reason why."

But man proposes, and God disposes, as the old saying goes.

That night Old King Brady was obliged to return to New York on important business.

The day following, instead of going back to Boston, he found himself full of troubles of his own.

This was the day on which the famous Hyde defalcation took place, and Old King Brady found

himself minus \$250,000. [See *ROBBED OF A MILLION*, NEW YORK DETECTIVE LIBRARY, No. 228.]

Following close upon this disaster came the detective's eventful trip to California, and thus it was that the mysterious Doxey case suddenly slipped out of his hands, and at last practically faded from his recollection as well.

It was bad for Walter.

At the trial not a single witness appeared in his favor.

His story was regarded as ridiculous.

No one knew T. Lum.

His name was not to be found in the Boston directory, nor did any relatives appear to claim his body.

Had he survived, all might have been different, as it was Walter received a life sentence on the almost unsupported testimony of Mr. Doxey, and the body of T. Lum was buried in Potter's Field.

But all these things happened two years before.

Then it was the early spring of 1877, while the time of which we are writing now is one of the latter days of May, in the year 1879.

Entering the hospital, Mr. Doxey was soon at Walter's bedside, and the deputy warden took his leave.

How changed our hero is!

We find him wasted almost to a shadow of his former self.

Yet upon that afternoon Walter considered himself in prime condition—he had even been able to walk in the prison-yard for the first time since he was taken ill.

As Mr. Doxey approached the cot upon which Walter lay the boy shot one quick glance at him.

It was a glance filled with immeasurable contempt and disgust.

"You again!" he exclaimed. "Have you forgotten what I told you the last time you came here—that I never wished to set eyes on you again?"

The great leather merchant coughed deprecatingly, and seated himself in a vacant chair which stood beside the prisoner's cot.

"Hard as usual, I see," he said. "Will you never come to a realizing sense that I am your best, I may say your only friend?"

"I don't want any more of your hypocritical assurances," flashed Walter, "and you may as well spare yourself the trouble of making them, for I happen to be the only prisoner in this end of the ward, so no one can hear a word you say."

Now, Mr. Doxey had failed to notice this, but one quick glance sent right and left showed him that it was true.

A malignant light became visible in his eyes, which scarcely harmonized with the oily utterances of his tongue.

"So much the better," he said, lowering his voice to a whisper, "perhaps now that so good an opportunity offers, you may conquer your pig-headed obstinacy and tell me what became of that box."

"The same old question," replied Walter, wearily. "Why will you waste your time and mine?"

"Boy, you're a fool."

"I was a fool for ever having anything to do with you."

"I can set you free from this place—I can do it with a word."

"It was your lies told at the trial which sent me here. If you were to tell the truth, perhaps it might be as you say."

"I overlook your sneers and insults, and simply repeat what I said before. Tell me what became of that box which was dug up on the night you and your pals opened the grave in the old Doane vault in the King's Chapel church-yard, and you shall not only have your freedom within a week, but also my check for ten thousand dollars to start you in business in some foreign country where your awful crime is unknown."

Walter's face was a study.

It was evident that his temper was getting the better of his good judgment—that he was working himself up into a rage.

Before he had time to reply, however, a loud and sudden commotion at the other end of the ward altered the whole aspect of affairs.

"Fire! Fire! The hospital is on fire!" some one was shouting.



Mr. Doxey sprang to his feet at once.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## WALTER'S SECOND ESCAPE.

How could Walter Doane tell Mr. Doxey what had become of the box found buried beneath his great-great-grandfather's coffin, whom he didn't know himself?

The last Walter had seen of the box it was moving unsupported through the air like the Flying Trunks in the tales of the Arabian Nights, and had vanished down the cellar stairs.

How strange, how marvelously strange seemed the recollection of the startling occurrences in the old house, and the King's Chapel Church-yard, now that Walter could look back upon them calmly after the lapse of two years.

How time weakens our first impressions!

Then Walter saw what he saw, and knew that however difficult it might be to explain it, he had actually seen it just the same, while now he often found himself wondering whether he had really seen these things, or imagined them after all.

He was full of trouble and anxiety at the time; his brain might have been unsettled; there were a thousand ways of explaining matters. He had a strong suspicion that T. Lum was at the bottom of the business.

But Tony the tramp—he also had seen and heard.

But Tony had proved a fraud, anyhow—perhaps he was a liar as well.

The consequence was that Walter long ago came to the conclusion that Old King Brady had taken the box—that he only fancied he had left it on the table—only fancied that he saw it flying through the air.

And although once in awhile the recollection of a similar strange action on the part of his hat would come into his mind to bother him, he felt sure the detective had captured the secret of the iron vault, and like enough made good use of it, too.

"Of course he is a fraud," the unfortunate boy resumed, "and against me like all the rest."

Now another boy might have confided his suspicions to Mr. Doxey under the circumstances, but Walter was not only stubborn, but honest.

He would not say he felt sure that Old King Brady had taken the box, unless he actually was sure of it, and he wasn't.

Moreover, he had come to hate the pious, prosperous, oily-tongued leather merchant with a deadly hatred. He was constantly brooding over plans to escape from prison, and in case of their success was firmly resolved to leave no stone unturned to revenge himself on the man who was at the bottom of all his misery and shame.

What did Mr. Doxey know of the box anyhow, and why was he so anxious to get it?

Walter neither knew nor cared, but he was determined that he should never see it if he could prevent it.

Over and over again the man had visited the prison on this same errand and had always gone away with his curiosity unsatisfied, for Walter obstinately refused to talk about the box.

The cry of fire had startled Walter quite as much as it had Mr. Doxey.

More so, in fact, for he was a prisoner, while the leather merchant had nothing to do but to run down the stairs and make his escape through the door.

And this was just what Mr. Doxey did.

He dashed through the ward, and was out of Walter's sight in an instant.

Meanwhile the cry was repeated.

A thick, black smoke was now pouring up the stairway—the attendants were dashing hither and thither—the utmost confusion reigned.

Walter leaped from his cot and began dressing himself with all possible speed.

On every side were heard cries and groans, for stretched upon the other cots lay at least a dozen poor wretches utterly unable to move.

Before the boy had succeeded in fastening his clothes about him there came a dull explosion which seemed to shake the building to its very foundation, and away down at the other end of the ward a portion of the floor twenty feet square at

least instantly disappeared and through the opening there came a tremendous hurst of flame.

What had happened?

Knowing absolutely nothing of the internal arrangements on the lower floors of the building, it was quite impossible for Walter to tell.

It was evident, however, that the danger was very great, and now the boy discovered that, so far as he was concerned, it was even greater than he had at first supposed, for it so happened that his cot alone had been occupied among all those which stood below the wall of flame.

On the other side of the blaze he could see the attendants dragging the helpless patients from their beds and hurrying them in the direction of the staircase, but no one seemed to think of him.

To reach the stairs was simply impossible.

It was equally impossible to hope to escape by the windows, for they were guarded by heavy iron bars.

There were just two chances, so far as Walter could see.

One was to dart through the flames along the narrow strip of flooring which remained attached to the wall of the building; the other to gain a rear staircase, seldom used, the door communicating with which was always locked.

Walter now ran to this door and tried to open it. As he had expected, it was fastened on the other side.

Hastening back he contemplated the other alternative.

It was too late for that now.

No human being could ever pass through that awful gantlet of fire alive.

"Great God! what am I to do?" breathed the boy drawing back from the scorching heat. "I shall be roasted if I remain here. I can't get away. I—"

He paused, for his eyes now rested upon a door set in the inner wall of the doomed building nearly opposite to where he stood.

He had often seen this door without knowing where it led, and he lost no time in seizing the knob.

Suppose it should be locked like the other?

The very thought was sickening.

To his intense relief, however, the door yielded readily enough.

It had concealed a step-ladder leading out upon the roof.

Now it took Walter Doane just ten seconds to climb that ladder.

In as many more he had unfastened a scuttle and pulled himself out upon the roof.

But was he any better off?

It was exceedingly doubtful, for beyond all question the building was doomed.

Great tongues of flame were already bursting through the roof in front of him, while the shouts and general confusion in the yard were enough to deprive one less collected than our hero of all power of calm reflection, and send him with a wild leap to his death to the paved courtyard forty feet below.

But Walter was not that sort.

A great joy had seized him.

For the moment he was almost ready to believe that the fire had been sent by Providence for his particular benefit, for before him lay what for two long years he had sought in vain—an avenue of escape.

"I can do it! I can do it!" he muttered, for he was now bending over the cornice looking at the roof of the laundry which adjoined the hospital.

It was a jump of twenty feet.

"Jump! Jump and save yourself!" voices were shouting.

The next instant Walter had dropped his legs over the cornice—the next and he let go his hold.

When he struck the laundry roof, which was tolerably flat, he fell prostrate, as was to be expected.

The crowd below who were watching expected to see him rise again—there were men running for a ladder to help him down.

But Walter did not rise.

Those who had watched his movements waited in vain.

Presently the ladder came, and one of the helpers mounted it.

"An escape! An escape!" he shouted.

It was very easy to explain it.

Probably the workman who had carelessly left in position a plank which extended from the wall to the laundry roof where repairs were in progress would have to bear the blame.

The descent from the prison roof had been accomplished in safety, and without attempting to rise Walter wriggled across the laundry roof like an eel, finally gaining the plank.

There he was crouching upon the wall when the keeper reached the roof, the tall chimney of the building hiding him from those in the court-yard below.

"Halt, or you are a dead man!" shouted the keeper, drawing his revolver and dashing toward the plank.

But Walter never answered.

Exerting all his strength he seized the plank and hurled it down into the yard below.

"Crack! Crack!"

Twice in quick succession the keeper's revolver was discharged.

Between the shots Walter flung himself from the prison wall.

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE LONE HUT IN THE FOREST.

LIKE a cat Walter Doane lit on his feet.

Forgetting his long sickness—forgetting the fact that he was barefooted and bareheaded, he leaped across the deep ditch which skirted the prison wall, and bounded into the thick wood lying beyond.

It was now just dusk, though it was hard to believe it, for the light of the burning building illuminated the surrounding scene with the brightness of day.

"If I could only have done it without being seen there might have been some chance for me," murmured the boy, "but as it is there's just none at all."

Still he had the start, and he resolved to exert himself to the utmost to keep it.

Before leaping from the hospital roof he had not failed to observe that the man who usually guarded that part of the prison wall had abandoned his post.

Before any one could possibly reach the outside of the wall at the point where his leap had been made there was no reason why he should not be at least an eighth of a mile away.

It was one chance in a thousand—that was all. The ground behind the prison was not only thickly overgrown with trees, but sloped abruptly down to a large pond, beyond which lay woods even thicker still.

When Walter reached this pond he paused for a single instant, and then, throwing himself boldly into the water, struck out for the opposite shore.

It was a bold move, but a good one.

At the edge of the pond all traces of the fugitive would be lost.

Who would suppose that a boy barely convalescent from six weeks' fever would have the courage to attempt a swim of fully the quarter of a mile?

The water was icy. Even in summer pond water is cold in New England, and here it was only May.

Cramps might have been expected, but then it is the unexpected which usually happens.

Fifteen minutes later Walter, too weak almost to stand, crawled out upon the bank on the opposite shore and lay there panting, chilled to the very bone.

The sky had now become blackness itself, not a star was to be discerned, and the low rumble of distant thunder told the wretched convict that a storm was close at hand.

Walter rose to his feet and staggered off into the thickets a prey to an awful fear.

"I've done a desperate thing," he thought. "This night's work will be the death of me. What am I to do?"

Desperate indeed!

What was he to do? Where was he to go? Who would shelter a poor wretch like him? Suppose



he were to gain some farm-house and bog for shelter. What then?

Why, at the first sight of his convict's suit, they would set the dogs on him.

Walter saw at a glance that he was doomed to spend the night alone in the forest, notwithstanding the approaching storm.

He tottered forward, fell from sheer weakness, and rose again.

"I must do it—I will do it," he muttered between his set teeth. "I won't give up. I will live to be revenged!"

It was just at this moment that a faint glimmer of light made itself visible at no great distance away among the trees.

"I must have shelter," murmured the boy. "I must have it—they've got to give it to me."

He pushed on, expecting to come to a road and see some farm-house rise before him, but was altogether surprised when he emerged at last into a little clearing, and discovered that the light proceeded from a small hut rudely built of branches standing alone among the thick growth of oak and birch.

There was a rough sort of door on the side of the hut, and light shone through the openings among the dry branches distinctly. Tottering toward it Walter knocked without hesitation.

He could go no further—he had got to throw himself upon some one's mercy. If the worst must come, let it come at once.

To Walter's surprise there was no answer to his knock.

Although he had distinctly heard some one moving about inside as he approached the hut, the most profound silence now reigned.

Just then a sharp flash of lightning illuminated the scene, which was immediately followed by a deafening peal of thunder, and the rain began to fall in torrents.

Hesitating no longer, Walter seized the latch and opening the door, pushed his way inside.

"Halt! One step and you're a dead man!"

Directly in front of him stood a tall, powerful fellow with a cocked revolver directed squarely at his head.

"Who are you? What the mischief do you want here?"

The question followed instantly upon the command, and then without waiting for an answer, the man lowered his weapon and broke into a hoarse laugh.

"Ob, a jail bird, eh? An escape, by the eternal! Then that big blaze over yonder was the prison just as I supposed."

"You seem to understand my position well enough," replied Walter, faintly. "There's no need for me to tell you who and what I am."

"I should say not. Why you're all dripping with water—there hasn't been time for the rain to do that either. Great Jehosaphat, how it does come down."

It was pouring in torrents now, and the water was running through the dry boughs which formed the roof of the hut in a steady stream.

Flash followed flash, lighting up the forest with an awful intensity, while the cracking thunder quickly following seemed to shake the very earth beneath their feet.

"God have mercy! Why this is something terrible!" exclaimed the man. "What can we do?"

Walter made no answer.

Indeed it would have been useless to attempt one, for weakened as he was he could scarcely have made himself heard.

An old box stood on its end beside him and he sank down upon it, waiting for the terrible convulsion to pass.

There was little to see inside the hut.

The box upon which he sat, an upturned barrel with a solitary candle stuck in a bottle resting upon it, a bed of dried leaves in one corner, and a few cold victuals in an old basket—that was all.

And yet the man did not bear the appearance of a tramp.

Quite the contrary.

He was well dressed, sported a heavy vest chain, and wore upon the little finger of his right hand a ring with a glittering stone.

Still his features were coarse and his eyes bore a

decidedly sinister expression. The hardened criminal was plainly written in his face.

Presently there was a lull, though the rain continued to pour through the roof in torrents.

"Say, boy, did you come from the prison?" demanded the man, hurriedly.

"Yes."

"What's the row? Has there been a fire?"

"Yes. The hospital is burned. I saw my chance and took it, that's all."

A fierce imprecation burst from the lips of the stranger.

"You'd been a foot if you hadn't," he exclaimed.

"Confound the luck, this ruins my plans."

"How so?"

"None of your business. Hold on—I don't need to be so rough since you're one of us. I don't mind telling you, young fellow, that I had put up a job to rescue a man from the hospital to-night."

"Was it you who put the plank from the laundry roof to the wall?" asked Walter, a sudden light breaking upon him.

A coarse laugh followed the question.

"Do you take me for a lunatic?" demanded the man, "but you're ball right—I had it done. Confound the luck! Confound it, I say! Now the whole business is spoiled, for that blamed New York detective will be at my heels before morning—Holy powers! what's that?"

"Only another peal of thunder. You are worse than I am, and I expect every moment to be nabbed."

"By thunder, that's so—they will be after you, won't they?"

"Can you doubt it?"

"And you used that plank?"

"Yes."

"Bully for you. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

"Who's your man?" asked Walter, as calmly as possible.

"None of your blamed business. Was any one burned?"

"Don't ask me. I shouldn't wonder."

The stranger turned as pale as death.

"It's terrible," he muttered. "Look here, he's my brother. If he's dead I—great guns! young fellow, I've seen you before!"

"Very likely."

"No, but I'm sure of it. You are up for murder—you're doing a lifer—hold on a second I'll call your name."

Walter stared.

The man was an utter stranger to him.

Before he had time to answer the fellow burst out again:

"You are Walter Doane."

"Well, you seem to know me. I can't help it," replied Walter dreadingly. "I—"

"Hold on. You don't know me, but I know you and all about you. Did you ever hear of Jim the Locksmith?"

"Never."

"Ha, ha! I thought not. Yet let me tell you that Jim the Locksmith is the one man who can prove your innocence. Hold on, though, there's another—Tony the Tramp."

Walter was on his feet with a bound.

"Speak! Tell me what you mean!" he demanded. "Are you Jim the Locksmith? Can it be as you say?"

"You bet it is. I—Holy mackerel! there it comes again!"

A flash of lightning fearful in its brilliancy glared through the dripping walls of the hut.

Immediately upon it followed a crash so awful that Walter involuntarily sprang from the box.

What had happened?

Coming with the thunder there had been a wild rush of wind—the frail structure rocked for an instant and then fell about their ears with a crash.

The shock was startling; still the weight of the roof was too slight to do any harm.

They were among the ruins with the drenching rain beating upon them, when Walter, to his horror, saw a man's tall form standing not ten feet away.

"Old King Brady, the detective!" burst from his lips in amazement and terror.

A cry of rage broke from the man beside him,

and Walter heard the sharp click as the right hand of the intruder was quickly raised and a glittering revolver thrust out.

"Jim the Locksmith, you're my prisoner! Up with your hands, or you're a dead man!"

## CHAPTER XXI.

### BEGINNING AGAIN.

"Jim the Locksmith, you are my prisoner! Up with your hands or you are a dead man!"

It was old King Brady, sure enough, and he repeated the command again.

Another might not have gone to that trouble, but would have made short work of Mr. Jim the Locksmith and his companion in convict's dress.

Old King Brady, however, was a merciful man, and had an instinctive horror of taking human life.

This had stood against him upon several occasions, and it stood against him now to the extent of costing him his man.

"Burn you, Brady! You shall never take me alive!" shouted Walter's companion.

At the same instant there came a rattling peal of thunder, and with it the quick Bang! Bang! of pistol shots—there were four reports, all told.

All was dark now—as dark as pitch.

Walter, who had stood motionless, not knowing what else to do, could hear a tremendous cracking among the bushes behind him down in the direction of the pond, and by the sounds judged that Jim the Locksmith had escaped unharmed from Old King Brady's somewhat tardy shot, and was beating a retreat.

"Bang! Bang!"

Suddenly two more shots were fired, and almost at the same instant Walter found himself sprawling upon the ground with a sharp, stinging sensation in his left arm.

"I am shot! This is the end of it!" flashed across him.

Then followed a sense of sinking—of despair, and Walter Doane knew no more.

When he came to his senses again he was lying upon the grass under a great tree, with his coat off.

A man was bending over him in the act of binding a cloth around his arm by the aid of such light as a dark lantern could afford.

The rain had apparently ceased, although the steady drip, drip from the leaves above them was a shower in itself.

How weak he was! How things seemed reeling around him!

He could scarcely hold the man's face before his vision.

It was not Jim the Locksmith. No, he could see that now. It was Old King Brady, and all was lost.

All the horror of the prison from which he had just escaped returned to him, and with it came black despair.

Why had not the bullet penetrated his heart instead of his arm?

At that moment Walter wished most devoutly that such had been the case.

"Hello, so you've come to your senses again, have you?" exclaimed the old detective, suddenly, and bending down, he fastened the knot with his teeth. "Don't be alarmed," he aided. "It is a mere scratch. There's nothing dangerous about your wound."

"I wish it had killed me," murmured Walter, and unable to control his feelings, he burst into tears.

"There, there! Don't give way. Why, you're nothing but a boy. You have all your life before you yet."

"All my life! A life-time in State's prison! Mr. Brady, you would have been kinder if you had shot me through the heart."

"Ha!" exclaimed the detective, seizing the lantern and scanning the features of his patient, "so you know me it seems."

"Yes, I know you."

"One moment. I can't recall your features. I didn't shoot you. It was your friend who is responsible. Stay! I have it now. You are Walter Doane."

"Yes."



"You have changed, young man. I had almost forgotten you. Yes, you are greatly changed."

"Why shouldn't I be changed? My life is ruined. I have been very sick. I— But there's no use in talking. I suppose you've killed Jim the Locksmith. I suppose you're going to take me back to prison again."

"You are mistaken. I may have killed your friend, but I do not know it. He took to the pond. I fired several shots after him. I have certainly lost my man, but whether he is dead or not I can't tell."

"He's no friend of mine. I never saw him till half an hour ago."

"What?"

"It is just as I am telling you. There was a fire up at the prison, and I escaped. I happened to run across him in the hut that blew down—that's all."

"I know it."

"You!"

"Yes. I saw you enter—I heard every word that passed between you, but somehow I didn't catch your name nor understand the significance of what he was saying until now. Boy, that man could have proved your innocence—he can still do it if he is alive."

"Do you think so?"

"I am sure of it. I declare, this is strange—very strange. I little imagined when I tracked that fellow all the way from New York that I should run across you; yet I know—"

"What did you know?"

"That he was one of those who helped open the vault in the King's Chapel church-yard that night, and perhaps murdered that man Lum. I let that case go by default, but I see I have to take it up again."

"What's the use? I'm under a life sentence. That ought to satisfy you. But you want to hang me, I suppose."

"I want to see justice done. I am the enemy of the guilty, not of the innocent. From what I overheard to-night, I am satisfied that you are innocent of the crime of which you were convicted. Is that enough?"

"And you will help me? Do you mean that?"

"I do—just that. Now is your opportunity, my boy. Tell me all."

Spoken in a quiet, fatherly tone, the words sent a thrill of hope to Walter's sinking heart.

An hour passed and still Old King Brady and the young convict lingered beneath the tree.

During this time Walter had gone over his whole past from beginning to end, and had also learned from the detective several things which he had not known before.

Among them was the statement of T. Lum that the murdered girl was his sister, which to Walter seemed so amazing as to be beyond belief.

"It can't be possible!" he murmured.

"Why not?" asked the detective. "According to your own confession you are entirely ignorant of your parentage. Certainly the girl bore a strong resemblance to you."

"I did not see it."

"But I did. Who was this man Lum?"

"I don't know. Nobody knew."

"It's very strange."

"It is beyond me."

"Still it is no stranger than the rest of the mysterious business. I, who have never believed in the supernatural, saw things then that were wholly unaccountable. I—"

"If you had been in that house with me you might have said so."

"I should judge as much from what you tell me. But now look here, the night is passing. We must come to an understanding at once. There are three things wanting to solve this great mystery."

"And those are?"

"First to capture Jim the Locksmith, if he is still living, and that must be my work. Next, to find the box if it is to be found, and last, we must have Tony the Tramp. That will give you enough to do."

"Well, how can I—"

"I am going to show you how. I don't usually

leave a case unfinished as I left this one. Now I propose to finish it up."

"Still I don't understand."

"No? Why, I propose that you shall work with me."

"Then you are not going to take me back?"

"On the contrary, I am going to take you to Boston with me."

"But my clothes?"

"I will arrange that. Perhaps you didn't know that under that box on which you were sitting when the hut blew down there was a gripsack containing a full suit of clothes, intended for the locksmith's brother, no doubt."

Walter's heart gave a great leap for joy.

"Let us go at once," he exclaimed. "Every moment we remain here only increases my danger."

"Very well," replied Old King Brady; "it shall be as you say. From this moment until your innocence is proved and the guilty brought to justice I am your friend, Walter Doane. We made a bad mess of this business before. We will begin again."

## CHAPTER XXII.

WALTER FINDS TONY ONLY TO LOSE HIM AGAIN.

It was June—early June.

The trees in the old King's Chapel churchyard overshadowed the tombs and crumbling headstones with a canopy of green, completely concealing the iron vault of the Doane family from the eyes of curious passers on the street.

Now the vault is closed again; the coffin containing the remains of old John Doane has long since been returned to its resting place and the grave filled up.

As for the secret passage, its existence is unsuspected, for on that memorable night two years before, Walter Doane had taken care to close all doors behind him.

The old house and the end of the arch remains tightly shut, and given over to the dust and rats as of yore.

Who owns it is still a mystery. The papers which T. Lum gave to Walter, telling him that they were the title deeds to the property, had been taken from the boy on the night of his arrest and were now sealed up and in the possession of the prison authorities, where under existing circumstances they seem likely to remain for an indefinite time.

Meanwhile the rumor still goes round that the old church-yard is haunted, but though the busy pens of the reporters have taken up the matter again and again, it seems to be impossible to find any one who has actually seen the ghost.

Shortly before nine o'clock on a certain warm evening in the month before mentioned a young man might have been observed to separate himself from the crowd of people who nightly promenade Tremont street.

Pauslag beside the little news-stand he pressed his forehead against the iron fence and peered between the rails.

He was tall and of dark complexion, yet oddly enough his hair had a reddish tinge which was still more apparent in a somewhat heavy beard for a man of his age.

His dress was in the latest style and of perfect fit and appropriateness, which indicate unmistakably the high-priced tailor. In his right hand he idly twirled a light bamboo cane.

"Yes, this is the spot," he murmured. "It was on top of this news-stand that Old King Brady first caught hold of me. How long it seems since then, and how much has happened? But I must not linger here. I must not forget Old King Brady's warning. If one of those Boston detectives should happen to see through my disguise, good-bye to all hope of a success in the great undertaking to which I have given myself up, heart and soul."

He moved away and mingled with the crowd.

But he had nothing to fear.

Old King Brady's disguises are always perfection.

Skillful, indeed, must have been the detective who could have recognized Walter Doane, the escaped convict, in the young man before us now.

Passing along Tremont street to its end, and thence by way of Tremont Row to Court street,

Walter kept steadily on until he had crossed Bowdoin Square and had passed into Green street.

He was now entering upon a region of concert halls and basement dives where bad beer is sold and cracked pianos jingle far into the night to the never ceasing disturbance of those whose ill-fortune compels them to make the West End their home.

A region of cheap lodging houses and gambling dens. The "Bowery of Boston," as some have styled it, though it is quite certain that in no part of New York's most peculiar thoroughfare is so much vice and wretchedness crowded into so small a space.

It was Walter's third night on Green street, and the third week of his search for Tony the Tramp.

First it had been Boston, where he was wholly unsuccessful. Then he had tried New York, and next Philadelphia, and now he was back in Boston without having met with the slightest reward for the effort made.

Time had healed his wounded arm, but it had brought no light upon the mysterious case which so intimately concerned him.

Perhaps this was because business of great importance had claimed Old King Brady's attention again.

"It is really too bad," the old detective had said to Walter, when the young man called at his office in New York the night before. "It is too bad, but I could not help it. Go back to Boston and continue your search. I will join you the day after to-morrow, and from that moment I shall permit nothing to interfere with the case. I suppose you obeyed my instructions in the matter of the box?"

"I have not been near the old house yet," answered Walter.

"Don't go there until I give the word. If you want to be captured that's the place for you. If you are captured, every plan I have formed will be destroyed. Search the ruins for Tony. Persevere and you may find him yet. Meanwhile, if I happen to drop down upon you unexpectedly, don't be surprised."

Not very far down Green street, on the right hand side of the way, there is—or rather was—a certain saloon in the basement which had been the favorite resort of tramp printers for many years.

It was here that Walter turned aside, and descended the steps.

Beside the grandly decorated bar and the usual chairs and tables, there was a little shooting gallery on one side of the long apartment, where painted representations of prominent persons were hung up to be shot at, and clay pipes could be broken for the price of a beer.

As Walter entered he found himself in the midst of a scene of excitement which would have sent the cautious sightseer among the shady resorts of the city on a bee line for the street at once.

A row was in progress.

Four hardoned, dissipated looking fellows were fighting furiously. Glasses were flying, chairs and tables had been overturned.

Almost before Walter had time to comprehend the situation one of the combatants, a slimy-built young fellow, with a red and bloated countenance, was down and the others upon him.

It was three against one—they were pounding his head furiously against the floor.

"Confound you! You were cheating—I saw you do it!" roared one.

"Give it to him! Mash his head!" shouted another.

"Gentlemen, for the love of Heaven be quiet!" protested the proprietor, rushing forward in his shirt sleeves. "Think of the reputation of my house—the police!"

But he seemed powerless to stay the storm.

"Help me!" he shouted to Walter, who, besides those engaged in the melee, chanced to be the only visitor.

Walter needed no second appeal.

Three against one was not his style, and in a twinkling he had seized one of the ruffians and flung him headlong over an upset table, while the proprietor served another in similar fashion, giving the "under dog" a chance to regain his feet.



This the fellow did in an instant.

The next and he had seized a gun, which stood leaning against a rest before the rifle-range, and sent a shot flying in the direction of the bar, from which his third assailant was approaching with uplifted fist.

"Don't shoot, Tony! Don't shoot!" some one shouted.

Too late!

There was a sudden report, followed by a crash of glass.

It was among the bottles behind the bar that the damage was done.

But it ended the scene.

Quicker than lightning the proprietor of the place seized one of the men and ran him up the steps.

The others followed. This sort of fighting was not their style, and the object of their persecution had now grasped a second rifle, and would have fired again had not Walter with one blow dashed it from his hand.

He had seen the face and he instantly recognized it, notwithstanding the alteration which two years of continual dissipation had wrought.

There was no need of the name, though that was additional evidence.

He had found Tony the Tramp at last.

But how changed.

When he had last seen Tony he was a young and rather good-looking German, clothed in what were practically rags.

Now he was dressed as though he was the possessor of millions.

His clothes were of the finest material and fashionably made, he wore diamonds, a handsome gold watch which had fallen from his pocket during the scuffle, hung dangling at the end of a heavy chain.

The instant Walter struck his hand the fellow turned upon him furiously.

"Ah! you want some, too!" he exclaimed. "I cienn de whole brace out! I—"

"Stop!" whispered Walter, seizing his arm, "I only did it to save you. See, you want to get right out of this."

One look was enough.

The outraged proprietor was returning—there was a policeman with him.

"By schiminy, you're right!" breathed Tony, looking about despairingly. "They'll take me in, sure as a gun."

"They will unless you light out. Be quick! There's the other steps leading up into the alley. I'll stand by you—follow me."

He seized Tony by the arm, and hurrying across the room they darted up a flight of steps leading to a side entrance, and the next instant were dashing down an alley, coming to a little square from which opened a perfect maze of those narrow streets for which Boston is so famed.

No one followed them, and once the square was gained Tony paused. Leaning against the brick wall of a building he laughed aloud.

"By schiminy, dot vas slick done, varn't it now? Much obliged, my friend. You do me von good turn. Dose fellers might have killed me. Dey are thieves. Hein! hut dey cleaned me out of every cent, and vas mad because I couldn't put up my diamonds and my vatch."

"You certainly had a narrow escape," said Walter, eying him curiously.

He had not been recognized, that was certain.

But now that he had at last found Tony, what was he to do?

"Make friends with him: don't let him escape you; find out where he lives; follow him everywhere," had been Old King Brady's orders.

All very well, but how was he to do it? And having done it, what was to come of it? How was he going to make Tony speak and tell what he knew?

He was not to be called upon to decide these questions then apparently, for the next instant Tony seized him by the hand.

"Good-night," he said. "Much obliged. I'm going in here. Hope to see you again."

He turned abruptly, and running up a short flight of steps, entered the house beside which they had been standing, leaving Walter on the

sidewalk entirely uncertain what course to pursue.

Walter stared at the house in perplexity.

"By gracious! he's got the best of me at the very start!" he muttered. "What am I to do now?"

The thought had scarcely crossed his mind when a party of six gentlemen turned into the square from one of the side streets, and, ascending the steps, rang the bell and were admitted by a good-looking mulatto into the house.

"There's something going on in that house," thought the boy, and he still lingered.

In less than fifteen minutes he had counted twelve visitors, all of whom were admitted by the mulatto at the first touch of the bell, and yet the front of the house was perfectly dark, and Walter could discern no sound, not even the faintest proceeding from within.

He now withdrew into the shadow of the opposite buildings and continued his observations.

It was not long before a carriage drove up and three handsomely dressed women alighting, added their number to the visitors who had entered the place.

A bold thought crossed Walter's mind.

Evidently this establishment was public. Perhaps it was a gambling-house. What was to hinder him from entering like the rest?

The thought had been scarcely conceived when the sound of hurried footsteps was heard, and a man turned the corner of one of the narrow streets.

He passed within three feet of Walter, but did not seem to see him. Then as he crossed the street under the light of a flickering gas-lamp, Walter, to his utter amazement, recognized the pious Mr. Doxey, under a flimsy disguise.

Without the slightest hesitation, he ascended the steps of the mysterious house and instead of ringing for admission, as the others had done, opened the door with a latch-key, and disappeared.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### CAN THE DEAD COME TO LIFE?

"Who owns it? Can you tell me?"

"No, sir; I cannot. That is a question over which wiser heads than mine have puzzled themselves."

"But," persisted Old King Brady, the questioner, "some one must know."

"I doubt it very much," replied the elderly clerk of the Boston Recorder's office. "I don't believe ten Philadelphia lawyers could decide who owns the old house at the end of the arch and Philadelphia lawyers, you know, are said to be the sharpest kind."

"Then you think it would be of no use for me to search the records?"

"Bless you, not the slightest. The matter has been looked up again and again. Why only about two years ago I went over the whole business myself upon the order of a certain party. I flatter myself I know as much about the ownership of that piece of property as any man in Boston. A shame, ain't it, that such a splendid building site should be allowed to stand idle in these busy days, given up to the rats and the ghosts."

"Ghosts!" repeated Old King Brady. "Did you say ghosts?"

The elderly clerk inhaled.

"I said ghosts certainly," he answered, "and I was only repeating the common rumor. I've been in the old house a number of times, but I never saw a ghost yet and don't believe I ever shall."

"Don't be too sure, my friend," passed through the mind of the old detective. "I thought as you do once, but that old churchyard round the corner has unsettled all my notions in regard to ghosts."

The detective, however, did not express his thoughts aloud.

"Can you tell me the name of the party for whom you looked up the ownership of the old house at the end of the arch?" he asked, with apparent indifference.

"Certainly," replied the clerk. "It was Mr. Theophrastus Doxey, of the great leather firm of Doxey & Dow."

"Ah, indeed! And you found—"

"Ding! Ding!"

A bell from an interior office at this moment rang sharply.

"Excuse me, sir, but the recorder wishes to see me," said the clerk, hastily. "I shall not be able to talk with you any longer to-night. Call to-morrow and I'll tell you all about it. Good-day."

"One moment!" exclaimed the detective, catching his arm as he was about to hurry away, "has Walter Doane, who was supposed to have murdered Mr. Doxey's daughter, any claim upon the house?"

"If his father and uncle are dead, yes, if they are living, no."

"But—"

"Pardon me, I really can't spare another moment," interrupted the clerk, and he hurried away.

Old King Brady left the recorder's office not a little disappointed.

He had advanced just far enough to arouse his curiosity and it was exasperating to have to stop short.

But it was long after business hours at the recorder's office. Only by accident had he happened to find the clerk in the building. He had no claim upon his time, and under the circumstances could not force him to talk against his will.

It was late on the afternoon of the day upon which occurred the events of the last chapter.

Old King Brady, having found himself able to leave his business in New York at last, had come on to Boston by the morning train.

Arriving, he had hurried to the — House, where Walter was staying, and inquired of the clerk if Mr. William Smith was in his room.

"Mr. Smith is not in at present, sir," answered the clerk, "but he is stopping here."

"Can you tell when he will be in?"

"Really I cannot. Probably if you call round about supper-time you will be likely to find him."

But the clerk was mistaken.

Old King Brady not only called at the time specified, but stayed and took supper at the hotel, remaining for at least an hour afterward. Mr. William Smith, however, failed to arrive.

"If he comes in tell him to expect me about nine o'clock," said the detective, growing tired of waiting at last.

It was now dark, and Old King Brady, leaving the hotel, lit a cigar, and began meditating upon the singular case on which he was engaged.

Doubtless Walter was out busy with his search for Tony the Tramp. Meanwhile what should he do?

Unable, owing to a press of business, to prosecute the search for Jim the Locksmith himself, Old King Brady had assigned the work to one of his most skillful assistants.

The result of this man's investigations had been interesting but not satisfactory.

On the morning after the fire at the Concord State Prison, the locksmith had been seen in Boston, but from that moment all trace of him was lost.

One point further was gained, however, and it was an important one.

A single patient in the burning hospital had met his death—a man who was doing a five years' sentence for burglary.

The name of this man was Moses Lusk. He had once been foreman in the tannery of Messrs. Doxey and Dow.

Thus with so little to work on, Old King Brady now found it no easy matter to take up the case again.

"I think," mused the detective, "that now while I'm waiting I'll pay a visit to the old house at the end of the arch. I never had more than half a look at it. There's no telling what may be learned."

He accordingly strolled in the direction of Washington street, and passing up Court turned into City Hall Place, and paused before the entrance to the arch.

The iron gate was unfastened, but when Old King Brady reached the door of the house he found it securely locked.

This, however, did not daunt him.

Thrusting his hands into one of the pockets of that wonderful blue coat he immediately produced a bunch of skeleton keys, by the aid of which he



had no difficulty in opening the door, and once inside his dark lantern furnished him with all the light he wished.

Within the mysterious house everything was just the same, the lapse of two years having wrought but little change.

Old King Brady having closed the door, undertook to lock it, but the key was no longer in its place.

Employing the same means to secure the door that he had to open it, the detective now proceeded to make a thorough investigation of the house from top to bottom, discovering nothing of particular interest until he reached the parlor—the room where the portraits hung—which had been the scene of Walter's strange and unexplainable experiences two years before.

No sooner had the detective entered this room, which by chance had been reserved until the last, than he perceived that it had been recently occupied.

There was mud upon the faded carpet; scattered here and there lay cigar stumps and half burned matches, while upon the table was an empty whiskey flask.

"Hal! Some one has been making themselves at home here," muttered Old King Brady, "and not so very long ago either."

He was flashing his dark lantern about, when all at once the light went out.

What could it mean?

Only that morning the detective had carefully filled the oil vessel and the lantern had not been used since.

He felt for his match-box and was just about to strike a light when all at once an icy chill came over him and he distinctly felt a hand grasp his wrist.

The sensation was horrible.

He tried to pull his hand away, to shake off the grasp, but in this he wholly failed.

Though he could see nothing, the pressure upon his wrist was startlingly real, and to make matters more astonishing, when summoning to his aid all the firmness of an iron will the detective deliberately restored the dark lantern to his pocket and passed his left hand over the right in every direction, he could feel nothing but his own flesh.

"Come," he thought, "there's no use in trying to explain these things. Ghosts! Well, so be it—we will admit the supernatural. At all events, the spirits that haunt this house, if spirits they be, have proved themselves friendly."

"What do you want? Speak! Reveal yourself!" he added in loud and perfectly distinct tones.

There was no answer.

The pressure upon his wrist remained, however. The unseen hand seemed trying to draw him in the direction of the door which communicated with the hall.

"I want light on this business," muttered the detective, "and I'm going to have it, too!"

He attempted to thrust his right hand into his pocket for the matches, but was entirely unable to do so.

The hand was as immovable as if fixed in a vise.

The feeling that he was being drawn toward the door was now so strong that Old King Brady no longer attempted to resist it.

"Lead on; I will follow," he muttered, and yielding to the pressure he moved toward the door.

When he reached the hall his sensations were just the same; but now a singular thing took place.

Although unable to get at his match-box, which was in his right-hand pocket, Old King Brady took out the lantern again, that he might be able to light it at the first available opportunity.

Fancy his surprise at finding it lighted already. It was burning as brightly as if it had never gone out.

He was alone.

His right hand was slightly extended, and as rigid as iron.

An uncontrollable influence was drawing him in the direction of the cellar stairs.

Without attempting further resistance, the detective descended the stairs lantern in hand.

Upon reaching the bottom, he felt himself drawn

over toward the furthest corner of the cellar on the left.

He had scarcely reached it when the loud slamming of a door on the floor above awoke the echoes.

If the sound startled Old King Brady, it must have also startled the ghost, for instantly the pressure of the unseen hand was removed.

Now the sound of footsteps were heard. There was some one walking about in the hall above.

Instantly the detective shut the side of the lantern, for he could now move his right hand as freely as ever.

He had scarcely accomplished this when a glimmer of light became visible above, and he saw a man's feet and legs coming down the cellar stairs.

Evidently this was no ghost, for the legs were immediately followed by a short, round body, not unlike a beer keg, and presently came the head.

There was a very short and very stout man descending into the cellar, carrying a lighted candle in his hand.

To Old King Brady's unbounded amazement, he recognized in the intruder T. Lum!

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

WE left Walter Donne standing irresolute before the mysterious house behind which Tony the Tramp, Mr. Theophrastus Doxey and several other persons whose respectability and social standing were unknown quantities had successively vanished, wholly uncertain what course to pursue.

"What can it mean? What brings Mr. Doxey to a place like this?" he reflected. "Of course it's crooked, and I have long suspected the man of being as big a scoundrel as I know him to be a hypocrite. If I could only—"

Right here in the midst of his reflections the door was seen to open again, and now for the first time some one came out.

It was a man of thirty perhaps—perhaps a trifle more or less.

He was stylishly dressed, wore a shiny beaver, and carried a cane. As he descended to the street with uncertain step Walter thought he had never seen a more ghastly countenance in his life.

The man's face was fairly gray in its pallor. It looked as though every particle of blood had gone out of it, there were heavy bluish circles beneath his eyes.

Without looking either to the right or the left he staggered off down one of the side streets, swaying slightly from side to side like one who had been on a protracted spree.

In an instant Walter's resolve was taken.

Feeling every confidence in his disguise he was determined to penetrate into the house, and fasten himself to Tony again if he possibly could.

Beside this there was a splendid opportunity to learn some of the secrets of the man who had persecuted him. The only question was, would they let him in?

It was very doubtful.

Vice in Boston is less boldly carried on than in other cities.

Not but what there is plenty of it in the pious Hub. Vice exists everywhere. It is carried on under cover in Boston—that is all.

Of course, there was nothing to hinder him from going boldly up the steps, ringing the bell, and taking his chances with the mulatto, but once he was denied admission that ended it.

Just then the rattle of wheels attracted his attention and presently a second carriage appeared, from which two women and two men alighted, and began to ascend the steps of the mysterious house.

The women were young and not unhandsome. Walter formed the conclusion that they might be actresses and their companions rich dudes—fast fellows about town.

All four seemed to have been drinking—in fact it was just as much as one of the girls could do to get up the steps.

"Here's my chance," thought Walter, and he slipped quietly across the street and briskly ascended the steps behind the party.

Almost before he had time to think about it he was inside the house, and the darky was closing the door.

He knew now how useless it would have been to attempt it under other circumstances, for the foremost of the dudes had whispered a password in the ear of the door-keeper who naturally took Walter for one of the party.

But it was now that the real danger came.

Walter, however, felt equal to the emergency.

The party whom he had followed proceeded directly up the stairs, which were handsomely carpeted, and Walter continued on after them until the landing was reached, when one of the dudes turned suddenly, planting himself squarely in his path.

"I beg your pawdon, but this floor is private," he said, eying Walter suspiciously. "The public room is on the floor below."

Walter trembled.

It was no time to display his ignorance.

With boldness he might accomplish his ends; but one injudicious word would be sure to spoil it all.

"I flatter myself I know the ropes here as well as the next," he answered, quickly. "Don't bother your head about me."

"But you can't come in here. I won't have it—that's flat," snapped the intoxicated girl, who stood leaning against the banisters—it was all she could do to stand.

"Perhaps it would be just as well to wait till I propose to do so," answered Walter. "I have business on the floor above. Be good enough to let me pass."

"Oh, I beg your pawdon, I'm suah!" stammered the dude, stepping aside. "You belong to the house, do you?"

"Yes, I belong to the house."

"Then look heah. I wish you'd have a stop put to it. Every night I come some fellar sneaks into our rooms. If we pay for them we ought to be entitled to the privilege of having them to ourselves, don't you know, for weally a fellar don't want to make a spectacle of himself—at least, I don't, and I don't think Chollie does. Do you, Chollie, deah boy?"

"I'll see that it's attended to," replied Walter, coolly, and hurrying past the group, he ran nimbly up the second flight of stairs, feeling that he had made his escape none too soon, for some one could be heard in the act of opening the chamber door upon which the dude's friend "Chollie" had knocked.

"Hit!" Walter could hear Chollie whisper as the door was opened.

"O. K. And your friends?"

"All solid. I vouch for them."

"O. K."

And Walter, peering down over the banisters on the third floor, could hear the door flung wide open, when all at once the sentinel in the lower hall shouted:

"Hello, up there! There were five of you just now—where's your friend?"

"He's no friend of ours—he belongs to the house," came the answer.

"Gone up-stairs! Great golly, de boss 'il kill me!" exclaimed the darky, bounding up to the first landing two steps at a time. "Whar am he? Didn't you fellors vouch for him? Golly, s'pose he am a detectivel whnt be I gwine ter do?"

"That's your lookout, cully, not ours," Walter heard one of the party say, with a coarse laugh.

Then a door slammed and the voices ceased.

It was a critical moment, for the darky was already on the second flight.

"What am I to do?" thought Walter.

Already he had begun to regard his situation with terror—to feel that he had made a mistake.

A peculiar and extremely sickening smell pervaded the place, which at first almost turning his stomach, was now making his head buzz so that he could scarcely think.

There was, however, not a second to be lost.

Walter, at the first sound of the darky's voice, had drawn back into the shadow and begun looking about him for some avenue of escape.

There were just six ways of leaving the hall.

Through five doors and by means of the stairs. Seeing that something had got to be done, Walter cautiously grasped the knob of the nearest door.

It yielded, revealing behind a small bedroom,



the interior of which was but indistinctly shown by the uncertain light in the hall.

The room seemed to be vacant, and Walter instantly darted in, closing the door softly behind him. There was a key on the inside of the lock and he turned it and remained motionless, scarcely daring to breathe.

Presently the footsteps of the darky could be heard moving softly about outside.

They approached the door and retreated again.

Then after a moment, the fellow was back once more and gently tried the knob.

"Can't have gone in dere, for de do's locked," Walter heard him mutter. "Golly, I don't know what ter do! Spect's I better——"

He moved away from the door again, and it was the last Walter heard, for, though he strained his ears to the utmost, he was unable to distinguish the sound of footsteps upon the stairs.

"By gracious! I was run right into a trap," he thought. I don't dare to stay here and I don't dare to go.

"What a beastly smell this is!" he added mentally, for the stifling odors of the place had increased ten times over. He could in fact scarcely get his breath, and to his dismay found himself seized with an intense desire to cough.

It was just at this moment that Walter was startled by a wild shriek of demoniac laughter proceeding from the floor below.

Other and more terrible sounds followed.

There seemed to be a fight going on—apparently some one was breaking the furniture. Shriek followed shriek, then came a great crash of glass, and all was as still as death.

What could it mean?

The room in which Walter had concealed himself was totally dark—if it was provided with a window it must have been skillfully concealed.

Scarcely reflecting what he did Walter moved back a step or two, when suddenly coming in contact with a chair he stumbled and fell across a bed which seemed to occupy one side of the room.

He was on his feet again in an instant, trembling like a leaf. There was some one in the bed.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### A PRISONER IN THE OPIUM DEN.

EVERY one knows what a disagreeable sensation it is to unexpectedly run against a person in the dark.

It will be easy, therefore, to imagine Walter Doane's sensations when he discovered that there was some one in the bed upon which he had fallen.

He was filled with terror and dismay.

It was hotter, he thought, to encounter the darky in the hall and have it out with him than to remain to face dangers unknown.

He, therefore, sprang for the door and tried to open it, when snap went the key in the lock.

In his excitement Walter had been a trifle too violent. To open the door was not to be accomplished now unless he broke it open. It had been easier to run into the trap than it was going to be to get out.

And while these thoughts were flashing through his mind Walter began to comprehend that there was no immediate danger to fear.

Utter silence reigned both within the room and outside in the hall.

Was the man on the bed then in such a sound sleep that one could fall over him without breaking his slumber? Or—it made the boy shudder to think of it—was he dead?

Walter strained his ears breathlessly, then, as the silence continued, groped his way toward the bed, and resolved to know the worst, lighted the only match he had about him and held up the flickering flame.

Stretched upon the bed lay a young and rather handsome man, fully dressed, his senses locked in a deep sleep.

One or two other things Walter saw during the brief duration of the flame.

Upon a chair which stood alongside the bed a curious little lamp rested, by the side of which was a pipe of singular pattern, having a tiny brass bowl and a long reed stem. The last thing he saw was an inner door communicating with a room beyond.

"Opium! That man has been smoking opium! That's what I smell!" flashed through the boy's brain.

The thought had no more than crossed him when the match went out, and somewhere in the darkness he heard a voice pronounce his own name.

"Find Walter Doane and I'll give you a thousand dollars!" the voice was saying, but unless you can earn it don't expect another cent."

"I'm villing to work; I'll find dot boy if he llyes," a second voice replied, "but you give me de money schust de same."

Walter trembled. Not until now had he fully realized the danger of his situation.

There was a loud slam and again the voices came from behind the inner door, the first he recognized as Mr. Doxey's, the other was unmistakably the voice of Tony the tramp.

"Don't you threaten me!" he heard Mr. Doxey say in louder tones. "You've been blackmailing me long enough. I don't fear you. Have you any idea how much of my money you've squandered already? Come, have you now?"

"Can't say I have. I don't keep no hooks."

"It's over ten thousand dollars. You're an idiot, good for nothing below, Tony, and this thing can't go on."

"But I can ruin you."

"Try it! Try it!" Walter thought he could hear the leather merchant snap his fingers disdainfully. "I tell you I'm not to be hied any longer. You know how I served Moses Lunk. I run him into State prison where he was burned to death the other day. Look out, Tony. I'm a bad man when my temper is roused."

"I don't want to rouse it, anyhow," whined Tony, changing his tune. "I've always been square mit you, and intend to be, but I must have money—dat's flat."

"You shall have money, if you are willing to work for it."

"Oh, I'll work."

"Then find that boy."

"Dey say he's dead. I was up to de prison, you know, und dey told me he got drowned in the pond."

"I don't believe it. He's made of better stuff. I tell you he's around somewhere, and I'm willing to bet he's in Boston. Besides, I have other reasons for saying this. I've seen a man who saw him that night. In fact, I was talking with him not an hour ago."

"Ist dot so. Who is it?"

"Jim the locksmith."

"Dot feller round again? He petter schinst look out."

"He knows how to take care of himself, Tony, but he told me other things which have made me uneasy. I want that box, and in order to find it I must first find the boy. Now let me tell you what to do."

"Say!" Walter suddenly heard Tony exclaim in a lower voice. "Look at de dog! What's de matter with him?"

Two short, sharp barks followed—there was a dog scratching at the inner door.

The voices suddenly ceased, but the scratching at the door continued and the barks were kept up.

"Pshaw!" Walter presently heard Mr. Doxey exclaim. "There's a fellow in the room beyond—that's all. Here, Major go lie down, sir! Go lie down!"

The dog seemed to obey, and for a few moments following quiet reigned.

"You don't understand the situation, Tony," Mr. Doxey resumed, after a little. "This house is a perfect mint to me, it is true, but on the other hand, it costs a mint to run it. The rent is something fearful, and the owners won't sell. Beside this, it costs a small fortune to attend to the police."

"But you have somedings left over?"

"Of course I do, or I shouldn't be here; but it's about all eaten up in my other business, which during the last two years has been going from bad to worse. In plain words, Tony, I'm nearly bankrupt, which makes me more anxious than ever to find the box which we dug up from under old John Doane's coffin in the iron vault."

"Strange whatever became of dot box, Mr. Doxey."

"There's nothing strange about it—the boy hid it."

"But he denies it."

"That makes no difference."

"I believe it vas de ghosts down dere vot took it."

"Bosh! We'd all been drinking that night, and——"

"But I seen it twict."

"You are always drunk, and you know it. Why, when I first learned this secret I spent a whole night in that house, and saw nothing. You see, Tony, when my wife first adopted poor Kate I never suspected who the girl was. Finding out by the merest accident that she was a lineal descendant of old John Doane, and perhaps heir to the house at the end of the arch, I began to look into the business a bit."

"Just about that time I happened to come across a letter written by one of the Doane family years ago, in which it was intimated that there might be hidden treasure in the old house, so I went down there and rummaged everywhere. That's the way I happened to discover the hole behind the portrait in which I found the papers giving me a clew to the secret. Meanwhile, Walter Doane had come to work for me, and I saw that if he lived all my plans would go for nothing. It took me a good while to make up my mind what to do, but when I once made it up I—— Come in—come in!"

"Bow, wow, wow! Bow, wow, wow!" barked the dog, again aroused by a knocking heard an instant before.

Walter drew away from the door in despair.

Escape he could not, and now that some one had ascended the stairs and was knocking upon the door of the room beyond, he felt that his time had come.

But for the dog he might have attempted a ruse.

It flashed across him to crawl under the bed—to hide behind the thick curtains, and he might have tried one of these plans but for the certainty of the dog finding him out.

Meanwhile, hurried whispering was going on outside, the words being broken by the uproar of the dog who was barking furiously and flinging himself against the inner door.

The suspense was horrible, but it lasted only for a moment.

Suddenly the inner door was flung open and a flood of light burst into the room.

"Dot's de feller, boss!" cried the mulatto. "He's a detective or a spy."

The doorkeeper, Mr. Doxey and Tony, were all before him, as the dog—a huge mastiff, sprang at poor Walter's throat.

And through it all the opium smoker on the bed slept on.

It was no time to waste words.

Walter had seized the chair to defend himself, and struck back the dog with all his strength.

"Call him off, Mr. Doxey! Call him off!" he shouted. "I won't answer for the consequences if you don't."

"Schlammy Christmas I don't I know dot feller!" Tony exclaimed.

Mr. Doxey alone remained perfectly cool.

Springing forward he seized the mastiff by the collar, and with a stern command to lie down dragged him into an adjacent room.

In the meantime the door-keeper and Tony had closed on Walter, wrenching the chair away, not, however, before Tony got one good crack over the head which almost felled him to the floor.

They dragged him into an adjoining room and the door was closed.

Before Walter could free himself, his old employer had snatched the wig from his head and all was over.

He was a helpless prisoner and entirely at their mercy now.

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Doxey. "Well, upon my life, boy, this is about the coolest business I ever saw."

Walter was silent.

"How long have you been in this room?"

"It was dark—I didn't consult my watch," replied the boy, with such calmness as he could as-



same. "I'm in your power now—I want to know the worst."

"This is amazug! Tony, don't you recognize him?"

"Don't I? I've schust lost my job—I see dat."

"Do you know, you young scoundrel, that I've only got to speak the word to have you arrested as an escaped convict?" demanded the leather merchant fiercely. "What splint of madness sent you to this house and in disguise?"

"I doubt if it will pay you to have me arrested, Mr. Doxey," murmured Walter. "About the wisest thing you can do is to let me go."

"Fool! You are lost!" cried the man. "You have run your head into the ~~lump~~ <sup>man's</sup> mouth. Tie and gag him, boys, and lock him in that closet. By the eternal, this is the luckiest day of my life."

"Fo' de Lord sake, boss, yo' wouldn't put de po' feller in dar!" exclaimed the darky, his face turning almost pale.

"Do as I tell you!"

"But—"

"Obey me, or I'll put you in along with him!" Mr. Doxey almost shouted, flinging himself upon Walter at the same instant and forcing him back upon a bed.

"Help!" shouted the unfortunate youth, in the faint hope that some one in the rooms below might hear and come to the rescue. "Help! help!"

"Clap your hand over his mouth, Tony," breathed Mr. Doxey hoarsely. "There—that's the style. Tie that knot tight, Cæsar. Now then, my lad, it's my turn. You'll never interfere with my plans again."

Perfectly helpless, Walter was carried into a large closet opening off at one end of the room and thrown upon the floor.

"You'll stay there till I want you!" sneered Mr. Doxey. "Much obliged to you for saving me the trouble of hunting you up, Walter. Sleep peacefully. You are not likely to be disturbed."

What did he mean?

The stench which came pouring out of the closet was truly awful.

In an instant the door was slammed and the key clicked in the door.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### OLD KING BRADY STRIKES A NEW TRAIL.

LEAVING Walter a prey to a thousand fears and fancies, we must now return to Old King Brady, whom we left at an earlier hour in the evening in the cellar of the old house at the end of the arch.

Was it T. Lum, or was it not T. Lum?

This is about the size of the situation.

Of course Old King Brady did not stop to sketch the features of the man who was now descending into the cellar. Indeed, before his face had made its appearance at all, the old detective had shut the slide of his lantern and dropped behind a pile of old barrels which happened to be near where he stood.

But was not T. Lum dead?

Had not Old King Brady seen the man in his coffin?

Certainly he had, and yet, as he now peered out from behind the barrels, he could scarcely make himself believe that Lum, the man of mystery, had not come to life once more.

The strange intruder resembled him in every particular, even to the gold spectacles and the antiquated high hat.

"It's either Lum or his ghost," thought Old King Brady behind the barrels, and a thrill passed through him.

After all the strange happenings which had taken place in that house was he not justified in assuming that what he saw was not a thing of flesh and blood but the disembodied spirit of Walter's mysterious friend?

Still there certainly was nothing very ghostly about the man nor in the way his footsteps rang out upon the cellar floor.

Seemingly without suspicion that his movements were being observed, he walked over to the opposite side of the cellar and began examining the walls with the most scrutinizing care.

"Strange!" mused Old King Brady. "He seems to be looking for that secret hiding-place which

Walter told me about. Now, Lum knew where that was, but this man evidently don't."

A new train of thought had been started in the mind of Old King Brady, and he continued to watch the movements of the man.

Thus half an hour passed.

The intruder was still continuing his search.

More than once the detective had feared that he would be seized with the desire to extend his investigations all around the walls of the cellar and thereby discover his own hiding place, but such was not the case.

"I can't find it—yet I know it exists," he heard at last—the first words which the man had uttered—"enough for to-night I'll try it again to-morrow. Where can it be? I was sure I could discover it. Confound the luck, the candle is out."

The expiration of the flickering flame of the candle seemed to decide him.

Twenty times at least he had examined every stone in the north wall of the foundation, and it really seemed useless to go over the ground again.

"I'm off," Old King Brady heard him mutter, and ascending the stairs the man groped his way to the door, which he opened by the aid of a key, and was soon trotting down City Hall Place.

Of course Old King Brady was behind him.

He had lost no time in following, and by the time the man turned into School street he had him in sight.

He walked slowly down School street to Washington, and upon reaching Boston's great central artery turned south, presently boarding a Norfolk street car, upon the platform of which Old King Brady had no other recourse than to post himself even at the risk of being seen.

"I'm going to follow that man if he takes me to the end of creation," was his inward resolve. "Walter must take care of himself."

And indeed the ride proved a long one.

It seemed as if the man never would get out.

It was not until the car reached the Highlands and stopped at the end of the route that he alighted at last.

The instant Old King Brady saw him make a move, he dropped from the platform and shot across to the other side of the square.

"It can't be Lum," he reflected, as he followed after the stranger. "His eyes were upon me three or four times, yet he did not seem to recognize me. What can it mean?"

He was more than ever puzzled when he found that the destination of the stranger was nothing less than Mr. Doxey's house.

The man did not show the least disposition to enter, however, but contented himself with scrutinizing the outside of the mansion with close attention, after which he went into a larger beer saloon on the opposite side of the alley which flanked the Doxey premises on the east.

Old King Brady was deeply puzzled.

The movements of T. Lum's double had so strongly resembled those of a detective that he scarcely knew what to think.

As he glanced about him he perceived that two years had changed the entire aspect of the street. Where dwelling houses stood on the occasion of his former visit stores had now sprung up.

Even the house into which the man had entered had been a dwelling then, but now there was a larger beer saloon in the basement—evidently the neighborhood was running down.

Old King Brady waited a few minutes upon the opposite side of the street, uncertain what course to pursue.

It was absolutely necessary that his eye should be upon the man when he emerged from the beer saloon. Yet there was nothing but a blind door between them—even now the stranger might be watching them, and it would never do to run the risk of being seen watching himself.

It was just then that Old King Brady, chancing to glance upward, became seized with a bright idea.

The building against which he leaned was an old one. The lower floor was occupied as a shoe store, and there was a photograph gallery above.

Now, although it is decidedly unusual for photographers to remain open in the evening, the

bright light which burned in the gallery showed that this one had departed from the general rule.

Perhaps the man lived there, and was alone. At all events, from the front windows of the gallery a safe and perfect observation of the larger beer saloon could be had, and it was only a step up the stairs.

To think was to act with the detective, and he hurried up to the floor above, and opened the photographer's door.

An elderly man wearing a hat and carrying a cane met him. As Old King Brady entered he was in the act of turning out the gas.

"Good-evening, sir. What can I do for you?" he asked, pleasantly. "I was just going out for a walk, but if I can serve you—"

"You can," replied the detective, exhibiting his shield, and he hastily explained enough of the situation to answer his purpose.

"Hum!" replied the photographer, meditatively. "A detective, eh? Well, I see no objection to your using my windows, except that I must go out. You see I sleep here, but—"

"If a consideration would be any object, sir—" began Old King Brady.

"Not at all. Couldn't think of it," replied the photographer. "Look here, neighbor, I claim to be something of a judge of a man's face. I think I can trust you. Stay here as long as you please. There's nothing to steal. Lock the door, and put the key under the mat when you're through."

"My dear sir, I'm a thousand times obliged to you."

"Don't mention it. Happy to serve you. Good-evening, I'm off."

He had scarcely closed the door before Old King Brady was at the window, and none too soon; either, for at the first glance over the way he saw his man emerge from the saloon.

"Hum! Might have spared myself the trouble," thought the detective, and he was just in the act of hurrying away, when he saw the man glance up at the windows and start across the street.

"Great guns! he's coming here," he muttered.

It was certainly a fact.

Looking down from the window, Old King Brady saw him enter the door.

The next instant and a heavy tread was heard on the stairs.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

ONE single second for thought—then action.

Such was Old King Brady's situation when he heard T. Lum's double coming up the photographer's stairs.

Of course, if the detective had chosen, he could have locked the door and refused to respond to the knock of the stranger; but it was no part of his purpose to frustrate this man in his plans; rather was he desirous of favoring them, hoping that in the end it would lead to the solution of the mystery surrounding Kate Doxey's death.

Old King Brady's resolution was quickly taken.

Finag carelessly upon an old sofa which stood in one corner lay the photographer's dressing gown, very much out at the elbows, and staled with great splashes of chemicals about the skirts.

Old King Brady pulled off his coat and hat and flung them under the sofa, having just time to don the dressing-gown and drop into a chair, when the expected knock was heard on the door.

"Come in!" shouted the detective.

Now it was not the first time that Old King Brady had played the photographer [See "SHOVING THE QUEER," NEW YORK DETECTIVE LIBRARY, No. 168.] and he felt no fear now of being unable to sustain his part.

He had picked up a newspaper and, to all appearance, was carelessly scanning its columns when the little man, in answer to his summons, came trotting into the room.

"Evening, sir, evening," he said civilly, in tones so closely resembling those of the late T. Lum that Old King Brady could scarcely resist a start.

"Good-evening," replied the detective.

"Warm evening."

"Very."

"Are you Mr. Delko?"



Delke was the name on the photographer's sign—he might easily have read it at the door.

"No, sir. Mr. Deike is not in just at present but I am his assistant."

"Oh, indeed. Haven't I seen you before, Mister—Mister—"

"Jenks is my name; I can't say that I know you, sir."

"Nor I you," replied the little man briskly. "I don't claim acquaintance with you, Mr. Jenks, but I have seen you. In short, you were on the platform of the horse-car which brought me out to the Highlands this evening—is it not so?"

"Why, yes; I did come out on the horse-car this evening and now you speak of it, I believe I saw you inside. Is there anything I can do for you, sir? If you are after pictures taken here I presume I can serve you. Of course you are not expecting to have a picture taken in the dark."

The little man dropped into the nearest chair and removing his hat drew from his pocket an immense red handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his head.

"Well, no. I am not such a greeny as all that comes to," he replied, "but that brings me to my business, too. You know Mr. Deike has a process for taking pictures in the dark."

"Certainly," replied the detective, feeling that he was being drawn into deep water. "He has made some experiments in that direction."

"How is he making out?"

"Well—as well as could be expected, that is."

"Could you show me some specimens of work done by this process, or shall I have to come again when Mr. Delke is in?"

"Well, really, sir, I couldn't. May I ask if you are in the trade?"

"No, oh, no."

"Then I'm afraid I can't accommodate you," replied the detective, devoutly wishing that he could.

Still he felt that the man had not yet stated the object of his visit. Taking photographs in the dark seemed just a shade too ridiculous. No doubt it was an excuse.

"Can he suspect? Does he recognize me?" were the thoughts which crossed his mind, when the stranger suddenly spoke again.

"Look here, neighbor, I don't want to see Mr. Delke, if you can serve my purpose and save me the trouble of coming again. I'm going to ask a favor for which I am willing to pay."

Old King Brady nodded.

"Were you with Mr. Delke two years ago?"

"No, sir."

The man's countenance fell.

"I was in hopes you were."

"I was not."

"Do you know much about his negatives—where he keeps them, I mean?"

"Of course."

"I am anxious to purchase the negative of a picture taken by his process one evening in the month of May, 1877, and I am willing to pay a good price for it."

"Whose picture was it?"

"Why, it was not the picture of any one in particular," was the somewhat hesitating reply. "It was a night view of the building on the opposite side of the way."

If some one had exploded a bomb at the feet of Old King Brady, he could not have been more astonished.

Evidently the man knew what he was talking about. What hidden significance lay concealed behind his request?

Old King Brady's resolve was instantly taken. It should not be his fault if he did not learn.

"What is your motive for wanting to find this negative, sir?" he inquired slowly, fixing a steady gaze upon the face before him.

The gaze was returned with equal steadiness.

"I suppose it is necessary to tell you?"

"Entirely so."

"Well, then, I am a detective. I am working upon a case of the utmost importance. This negative may help me out."

"A detective!"

"Yes, sir."

"Prove it."

"Pardon me. I do not belong to the Boston

force. I—I—in fact I fear I am not in position to prove my assertion to your satisfaction, sir—nevertheless it is true."

"At least you can explain the nature of the case on which you are engaged?"

"It is a case of murder."

"Ah!"

"Yes."

"The murder of Mr. Doxey's daughter, which occurred in the house opposite two years ago?"

"You've hit it. That's the case."

"I thought as much."

"And the negative—can I have it?"

"You can see it, if it is to be found. I cannot, however, permit you to take it away."

"I can make it worth your while, Mr. Jenks."

"Sir!"

The little man thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out a number of gold pieces.

"These are yours in exchange for that negative," he said, meaningly.

Oddly enough, the coins were English.

"Now what," thought Old King Brady, "can a foreigner have to do with this case?"

Here was mystery added to mystery.

Beside, the more the detective scanned the man's features, the more certain he became that he was talking to T. Lum and no one else.

"Put up your money. I have no use for it," he replied, shortly. "You can't bribe me, but if the negative is here you shall see it just the same."

But was the negative in existence, and if so how could he hope to find it?

Realizing fully how important it was that he should at least make the attempt to do so, Old King Brady arose and passed behind a heavy curtain which hung across the center of the room.

Here, as he had expected, he found himself in the operating room of the gallery. Lighting the gas, he shot a hasty glance about him and then opened a door on the left.

It communicated with the photographer's dark room, but a second door immediately adjoining proved to conceal a closet, in which were stored negatives by the hundreds, ranged upon shelves which had been divided into compartments, each compartment representing a year, which was denoted by a number painted upon the shelf above.

"Good," muttered the detective. "Blessed be the spirit of order, which evidently possesses the worthy Mr. Delke. I feel as though I were on the verge of a great discovery—but we shall see."

"Will you step inside, sir?" he called, pushing back the curtain. "Probably you will be better able to pick out the negative than I."

The little man was on his feet in an instant, and came trotting in.

"There are the negatives of 1877, sir," said Old King Brady, waving his hand toward the closet. "Stop a moment, I will light this gas burner. There—now you can see."

"Splendidly," replied the stranger, with an air of triumph, and he immediately took out the first negative of the pile and held it up to the gas.

It showed the shadowy resemblance of a toothless old man.

"I'll pile them up on this table," said Old King Brady. "Please be as quick as possible. I am obliged to go out shortly."

"Suppose," flashed across him, "Mr. Delke should take a notion to return?"

"I'll be as quick as I can," replied the little man, seizing the next negative.

This was a family group; the next three were babies, and the four following sinuering girls. Ten minutes, and some thirty negatives lay upon the pile.

Suddenly the little man gave a start and uttered a slight exclamation.

"Have you found it?"

"Yes."

"Let me see it."

"One moment. I—"

"Let me see it!" interrupted the detective, snatching away the negative and holding it up to the light.

It was a very dark negative. At first glance it seemed a mere smudge.

A clever examination, however, revealed the

shadowy outlines of a house with an open window.

There were figures behind the window—two of them. Both were men, and they stood one behind the other—the foremost held a revolver in his raised right hand.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

MORE MYSTERIES IN THE HAUNTED CHURCH-YARD.

EVEN before the door of the closet into which he had been thrown by Mr. Doxey and Tony closed, Walter realized the danger which threatened him.

The closet was fairly reeking with opium fumes; the atmosphere was so close and stifling that he could scarcely breathe.

Contrary to Walter's expectations, however, the place was not totally dark.

As he lay he was unable to determine the source of the light which enabled him to see a sort of ventilator overhead, but when he turned over he found that in the floor a square hole had been cut which appeared to communicate with the room below.

The hole was at least a foot square, and its object was apparent, for the fumes of the burning drug came rolling upward in a perfect cloud.

Below in the room perfect silence reigned.

Walter bent over the hole and peered down; he found himself looking into a room furnished with a degree of magnificence fairly astonishing.

Of course the range of vision was limited, but he was still able to see stretched upon a bearskin rug, which had been spread over the floor, one of the young women whom he had encountered on the stairs.

Her head rested upon her hand and her eyes were fixed on vacancy with a dreamy stare, while she slowly inhaled the drug from a long stemmed pipe of the same peculiar pattern which Walter had seen before.

No doubt the other members of the party were present, but Walter could not see them.

Indeed, before many minutes elapsed he began to realize that he would soon be past seeing anything.

His eyes grew heavy; to breathe became a labor—a dreamy sense of languor seemed to be creeping over his whole frame.

And what wonder!

With each breath the boy drew he was inhaling the concentrated fumes of the different pipes smoked in the room below him.

There could be but one result.

In less than five minutes Walter Doane had sunk into a deep sleep.

Time passed.

At half past two a closed carriage might have been observed leaving the door of the opium den.

The same carriage stopped in front of the Old Kings' Chapel fifteen minutes later on.

For a moment or two all was silent. No one made any attempt to alight from the carriage—the driver sat motionless upon the box, looking this way and that.

"All right, boss," he whispered presently, turning his head toward the little window behind him. "The coast is clear."

"Look again—make sure!" came the low response from within the carriage.

"I am sure. There ain't a soul in sight—now's your time."

"All right then; open the door."

The driver leaped down and obeyed.

Mr. Doxey stepped from the carriage.

"Help me," he whispered. "Just drop him over the rail upon the grass. He won't wake. That's right, Tony. Lift his feet up. Now then, driver, quick! Over he goes. It won't hurt him and it's the only way."

It would have been a novel sight for a policeman had there been one around to witness it.

Between them these three were carrying the body of a young man whose face was so white that one might have been easily excused for thinking him dead.

It was Walter, his senses locked in that deep sleep which only opium can produce.

He was no longer bound and, of course, was utterly unconscious of being taken from the coach;



nor did the shock of falling when the three men, aided by the newstand, dropped him over the rail, disturb the boy in the least.

"That's all right," whispered Mr. Doxey, as the body fell in the grass with a thud. "We shan't want you any more, Mike. Got away as quick as possible."

"All right, sir. But won't I help take him to the vault?"

"No, Tony and I are equal to that. Be spy, now, Tony—there is no time to stand fooling here."

Raising Walter between them, master and man moved among the stones in the direction of the vault.

"By schimminy cripps, but he's mighty heavy," grumbled Tony. "I believe I shall have to let him drop."

"If you do I'll kill you."

"Den I won't. I—*ach, mein lieber Gott!* Look dere, boss, look dere!"

The cry was a startling one, and as Tony uttered it he involuntarily let go of Walter's heels, which brought the strain upon Mr. Doxey so heavily that his end of the burden also dropped to the ground.

"Kate!" breathed the leather merchant, starting back with eyes dilated in horror. "Oh, my God! Kate!"

A dim, shadowy figure had risen up before them from behind the graves.

It was the ghost of the haunted churchyard.

Is it necessary that we should describe it again?

Scarcely; it was just the same as when Old King Brady, Walter, and T. Lum first saw it on that eventful night two years before.

The resemblance it bore to the murdered girl was most startling.

What wonder then that Mr. Doxey was so deeply moved?

Indeed, if he could have done so, the leather merchant would have precipitately fled from the scene, and it is quite unnecessary to add that Tony would have followed him.

But a strange spell seemed to have suddenly seized both these men. They could now neither stir, nor utter a sound.

Twice Tony opened his mouth, but there issued from the lips only a half audible gurgle—it was like the gasp of a dying fish. As for Mr. Doxey, he stood like a statue, his gaze riveted upon the shadowy form.

Slowly and with a gliding motion the specter moved toward them, and bending over the sleeping boy seemed to raise him from the ground.

A cloud passed before the eyes of the proprietor of the opium-joint, completely obscuring his vision.

The next he knew and the ghostly form had vanished, but there to his amazement was Walter Doane walking among the headstones with Tony following at his heels like a dog.

Account for it as you will, reader, we can only tell what happened.

What Mr. Doxey saw he saw, and there is no gaining it; and what is more in the next instant he felt that strange sensation of being drawn forward, which Walter and Old King Brady had both experienced.

Precisely as a magnet draws to itself steel was the leather merchant drawn forward toward the iron vault.

The sensation was horrible, but the impulse was not to be resisted. When the gate of the vault was reached there were Tony and Walter standing side by side like two brothers, apparently waiting for him.

Again a mist seemed to come before Mr. Doxey's eyes; the next thing he knew he was in the act of unlocking the iron gate of the vault with a key.

The key was his own. Jim the Locksmith had made it, but Mr. Doxey little dreamed that it would be used under such circumstances as these.

He had no sooner unlocked the gate, when total paralysis seemed to seize his limbs.

Move he could not. He could not even put out his hand and touch Walter, as the boy now glided past him and entered the vault, although he tried twice to do that very thing.

It only added to his terror to perceive that Walter's eyes were tightly closed.

Clearly the movements the boy was making were entirely involuntary. He was walking in his sleep.

He entered the vault and walked slowly and with great deliberation over to the furthest corner.

Here he bent down, and without the slightest hesitation pressed the spring, and the secret door flew back.

Then Mr. Doxey saw him enter the passage, and as he did so something white and shadowy seemed to flit before him.

At the same instant the schemer felt himself impelled forward again, and Tony must have been similarly affected, for there he was crowding at his heels.

Again came the mist, and a painful sense of dizziness, and the next Mr. Doxey knew he was in the secret passage, with Tony crowding after him. Just then the door closed with a slight slam.

Well, Mr. Doxey ought not to have growled.

What he was doing now was precisely what he had intended to do, but he had not intended to do it that way.

Before he had time to ponder upon the subject, however, all three were in the cellar, which was illuminated with a strange, unearthly light. The second door had softly closed behind them, apparently without being touched by human hands.

"Now," thought Mr. Doxey, "the spell will be broken. I will shake it off—I will!"

But he did not.

He could only stand stock still and watch Walter. The shadowy form had vanished now.

With his eyes still tightly closed, Walter Doane walked deliberately to the north wall of the foundation, and without hesitating, pressed his finger against a certain point on one of the stones.

Immediately the stone moved outward, and Mr. Doxey just had time to see the boy thrust his arm into the cavity and draw out an oblong copper box, green with dirt, when the light vanished and the cellar was enveloped in darkness the most profound.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

A NEGATIVE DISCOVERY WITH A PROMISE OF POSITIVE RESULTS.

"So this is the negative you are after," said Old King Brady slowly.

His big gray eyes were fixed upon the man before him as though seeking to read his inmost soul.

"That is it. Will you be kind enough to let me have a look at it? You pulled it away before I had time to see anything at all."

But Old King Brady seemed disinclined to let go his hold on the negative.

Even at the risk of being caught in the act by the returning photographer, he had already determined to appropriate it. "I can settle with Mr. Deike," he thought, "later on."

"Look!" he said, holding the negative up before the glass—"look to your heart's content, but do not attempt to take it. This belongs to me."

But T. Lum's double scarcely seemed to hear him.

His eyes were fixed intently upon the negative; his whole face the most powerful emotion.

"Ha!" he breathed. "Harlow then told the truth! I have not come from the other end of the world for nothing. The hour of vengeance is at hand!"

The words were scarcely audible. Had not Old King Brady been paying close attention he could not have heard them.

Apparently the detective was looking as earnestly at the negative as his companion.

"Mr. Lum!" he said, turning suddenly.

The little man started.

"My name is not Lum, but you are Old King Brady the detective," he replied.

"Humph. So you know me?"

"It would be strange if I did not. I have seen your picture twenty times."

"Stop!" cried the detective. "We may as well understand this matter. I once knew you under the name of T. Lum, did I not? I have shadowed you all the way from the old house at the end of the arch to-night."

"You have. I know it."

"I presume so. Yet you could not have seen me in the house."

"You are right; I did not. I first saw you on the horse car, and I then felt sure you were shadowing me. But you are wrong in thinking that you ever set eyes on me before. I have been in Australia for twenty years, and only landed in America a few days ago."

"Come," said Old King Brady, incredulously. "Don't tell me that. Why you are as much like that mau Lum as if you were his twin brother. And yet—"

"What?"

"I believed T. Lum to be dead until to-night."

"You are right. He is dead."

"And you?"

"I am the twin brother of the man you knew as T. Lum."

"Can this be possible?"

"Can you look in my face and doubt it?"

"No," replied Old King Brady, "I cannot. I am not only sure that you speak the truth, but I am equally sure that you are actually a detective as well as myself."

"You are are right again. I have been a member of the Melbourne detective police for many years."

"Your name?"

The little mau smiled.

"It don't matter," he said. "Call me Lum."

"But that is not your name any more than it was your brother's."

"You are right."

"Look here!" exclaimed Old King Brady. "We must get out of this place at once if we want to avoid trouble about this negative. I only came in here to watch you. The proprietor may return at any moment. Let us take the negative and adjourn to the saloon across the street."

"In other words, you will take the negative and I may follow you. Well, so be it. As long as the murderer of that innocent girl is brought to justice it is all one to me."

Five minutes later and the two detectives were seated on opposite sides of a table in the rear of the saloon.

Old King Brady was the first to speak.

"So we are working on the same case, it seems," he said abruptly.

"We are. I have come all the way from Australia expressly to get that negative."

"Can this be possible?"

"It is so. You see what it represents."

"I have examined it closely. It is certainly important. A pistol shot fired through the window of the room above us would explain the death of Kate Doxey perfectly, for it is known that he was standing at the window at the time and there is only the alley between."

"And that is the wayshe died," replied the Australian. "Now, Mr. Brady, oblige me by looking at the negative again. See if you can recognize the face of the man who fired that shot?"

Old King Brady produced the negative and once more held it up against the light.

"It is very difficult," he said, "a print must be obtained and—Great heavens! Now I recognize it. I see it all."

A smile of satisfaction overspread the face of the Australian.

"And the face?" he asked.

"Is that of Mr. Doxey himself?"

"You are sure!"

"Positive sure."

"I knew it. Though I never laid eyes on the man. I knew it."

"But it seems incredible. What could his motive be in murdering the girl?"

"Now you have got me! I don't know."

"Still he may have had a powerful one. You may be aware that Kate Doxey was only his daughter by adoption?"

"Yes, I am aware of that. But allow me to look at the negative a moment. This person, who is creeping up behind Mr. Doxey—do you recognize him?"

"No; but he seems to be a hard case. He is dressed in rags, looks like a tramp, and—hal! Now I begin to understand."



"What?"

"I think I know who this person is,"

"If you do and he can be found, then—"

"He can be found. I have a man looking for him at the present moment. Unless I am greatly mistaken he is known as Tony the Tramp."

"He must be found," said the Australian, decidedly. "As I told you before, Mr. Brady, I have come all the way from Australia to investigate this business. I have but one motive—revenge!"

"Revenge?"

"Yes. I believe Doxey killed my brother."

"And I quite agree with you," replied Old King Brady. "Prove to me that you are what you claim to be and I will tell you much about this business that may prove interesting."

"See, here is my shield," replied the little man, throwing back his coat. "Do you want further proof?"

"No, it is enough. I am familiar with the shield of the Melbourne force," answered Old King Brady, and as briefly as possible he went over the principal points of the case.

The Australian listened with close attention.

"Now for a disclosure on my part," he said.

"I am waiting for it," answered Old King Brady, quietly.

"There is more involved in this business than appears on the surface."

"So I have supposed."

"And you were right. Although I am not in a position to prove my words, I have every reason to believe that the old house at the end of the arch contains secrets which have never yet been penetrated—golden secrets, buried treasure, wealth to a fabulous amount."

"And why do you think so?"

"The discovery was my brother's. He was a lawyer in Philadelphia, and a most eccentric character. A few years before his death he purchased some old papers in a junk store, which must at one time have been taken from the old house at the end of the arch."

"Stop a moment! Don't interrupt me," he continued, as Old King Brady was about to speak. "The sum and substance of these papers was this: Old John Doane was once a pirate, and by his robberies on the high seas accumulated an immense treasure. This treasure he designed to give to his only child, a daughter, at his death, for in later years the old wretch grew pious and pretended to have reformed, and if the papers told the truth must have been something of a miser as well. John hid the treasure and never made any use of it at all."

"But all this sounds like romance," said Old King Brady in amazement.

"Don't it?" replied the little man. "Now, listen. Here is a part still more romantic. This daughter went and married old Doane's most bitter enemy. A man named Peter Doxey."

"Doxey!"

"Exactly. Ancestor of your Doxey."

"How very strange!"

"It is true, though. And John Doane was furious. He cast his daughter off, and for a whole year shut himself up in the old house, during which time he refused to see any one except an old servant and two men whom he had hired to build his burial vault in the King's Chapel churchyard. One day he was found dead in his bed."

"And the treasure?" exclaimed Old King Brady.

"Was never discovered. The house passed through various hands, for John Doane left no will. But for my brother's fortunate discovery—or unfortunate, just as you like to put it—the whole matter would have remained buried in oblivion. Poor fellow! It cost him his life, but it is my belief that an immense fortune awaits the legal heir of old John Doane, if only the iron vault in the King's Chapel churchyard can be thoroughly searched."

"And this heir?"

"Is Walter Doane—the young man accused of this murder. You see if I am from Australia I know a thing or two."

"Your knowledge of this mysterious case amazes me," replied Old King Brady. "But one thing you have not told. How came you to know of the existence of this negative?"

"The negative—oh, that's simple enough. Delke never took that negative. It was his assistant, who one evening took a notion to try the photographer's patent night process. He threw the lime light on the house opposite, little dreaming of the result."

"But man, dear, why did he never tell of it?" exclaimed the detective.

"Why, because that very night the fellow went on a terrible spree which wound up in his shipping for Australia. Delke never saw him afterward, and never knew of the existence of the negative. He died in prison in Melbourne—name was Harlow, did I mention it? I've got his dying confession in my pocket. You see the matter preyed on his mind in his last moments. Now then, Mr. Brady, what do you think of the outlook? I tell you it is a lucky thing that you happened to meet me."

"I think that if all is as you say the rope is twisted pretty tight about Doxey's neck. With this negative and the confession of your man Harlow I fail to see how he can escape."

"He must not escape!" exclaimed the Australian, striking his fist against the table. "He shall not escape. Neither shall he get the box if I can help it, for if what you tell me is true that undoubtedly contains the secret of John Doane's buried treasure, and somehow or other Doxey has learned that it exists."

"I'm afraid you will never find it," said Old King Brady, shaking his head. "Do not forget that the bottom of the vault has already been dug over by Doxey. Beside I have not told you all I know about that mysterious house yet."

"To what do you allude?"

"I am almost afraid to tell you."

"Speak out."

"Well, then, ghosts."

"Ghosts! Rubbish! Nonsense! My brother wrote me something of the sort in the letter I received after his death, but then he always was superstitious and—"

"And I ain't," interrupted Old King Brady. "Yet I have seen things in that house and in the King's Chapel Churchyard, which I don't pretend to explain—what cannot be explained."

"But—"

"Stay! Suppose we adjourn to the house and continue our conversation there. Perhaps you may be fortunate enough to see a ghost for yourself."

## CHAPTER XXX.

### THE SECRET OF THE IRON VAULT DISCLOSED.

FAMILIAR as he was with the old house at the end of the arch, Mr. Doxey's wonderment at the strange and unexplainable turn affairs had taken was none the less great.

It was true that since the day when accident had revealed to him the hiding-place behind John Doane's portrait, from which he had taken documents concealed for two centuries, telling substantially the same story which the Australian had related to Old King Brady, Mr. Doxey had visited the house many times, and yet on the night when he undertook to dig up the coffin beneath the stone which formed the floor of the iron vault, had the ghost appeared.

Explain it how you will the mysterious visitant seemed in some strange way connected with Walter.

Indeed, it might almost be said that it seemed to act in his interests.

Certainly, its demonstrations amounted to but little unless the boy was present, as was the case now.

The disappearance of the light was sufficient to call forth from Tony a howl of terror.

He sprang away from Mr. Doxey, and would have fled up the cellar stairs had not his companion seized him by the arm.

"Stay where you are, you fool," whispered the leather merchant. "This is a nice time to show the white feather just as we've gained our end."

At the same instant a light flashed through the cellar, coming from a bull's-eye lantern produced by Mr. Doxey.

It disclosed Walter standing in precisely the

same position, holding the box in his hand, his eyes closed, his senses still locked in sleep.

"By shimminy Christmas! I never saw nodings like it," whispered Tony. "If he's asleep how he manage to schtand up?"

"Did you never hear of somnambulists?" retorted Mr. Doxey. "It's something of the same sort."

"I dunno nodings about dat. I only know I can't sleep standing like a horse."

"You can hold your tongue anyway," snarled Doxey. "This is no time for talking. Things have happened in this house which neither you nor I, nor anyone else can explain, and they're happening now. Thank goodness though, everything seems playing into our hand to-night."

He stepped forward and flashing his lantern full in Walter's face regarded him for a moment with deep attention.

"He seems like a person mesmerized," he muttered. "I wonder if he would answer me if I questioned him? At least I might try."

"Walter! Walter Doane!" he called.

But Walter stood absolutely motionless and dumb.

Whatever the mysterious power might have been that controlled him it was quite evident that Mr. Doxey had had no power whatever to control his movements.

Nor did the leather merchant again attempt it.

Seizing the box which Walter yielded up without the least resistance he proceeded to open it by the aid of a hammer and cold chisel which Tony at his bidding produced.

It was a slow and difficult process, but it was at length accomplished.

A low cry of triumph escaped from Mr. Doxey as his eyes caught sight of a thick roll of time worn paper within.

"At last!" he exclaimed. "At last, old John Doane's secret is mine."

His fingers trembled as he undid the cord which fastened the roll, but his eyes were ablaze with baffled rage as they rested upon the lines written upon the first sheet of paper.

"Hal! Hal! Hal! This is for the Doxeyes. Let the Doanes dig and delve!"

Every other sheet of paper in the roll was a blank!

"The spiteful old fool!" he cried. "This was his game, was it? Carried his animosity against my race to the very last."

"Never mind, I understand the allusion. Tony, we have yet to learn the secret of the iron vault."

"Blow me if I understand," answered Tony. "Don't dat paper tell you what you want to know?"

"Don't it? Of course it don't. Can't you read?"

"I didn't try. Oh, I see now. Sold again. Vell, vell."

"Hush!" exclaimed Mr. Doxey, suddenly raising his hand. "What ails the boy?"

"He's vaked up!" whispered Tony.

"No, no! He's still asleep. Don't you see his eyes are closed? What is he trying to do?"

For Walter in a slow and mechanical way had walked straight to a certain point near the southerly wall of the cellar, there dropping on his knees.

Was the same mysterious influence controlling him?

It certainly seemed so.

He appeared to be searching for something, for he was running his hand along the stones at the base of the wall, and the two men watched him in breathless anxiety, presently saw the stone move slowly inward in the usual way, disclosing an opening high enough for a man to crawl through.

Without the slightest hesitation Walter crept through the opening and disappeared.

"We must follow him!" exclaimed Mr. Doxey, lost in amazement. "The devil is in this business, Tony, but fortunately he appears to be on our side."

"Oxguse me, I'm not a-going," whined Tony, his teeth chattering.

"Thon stay here in the dark, for I am."

But Tony refused to accept the alternative.

When Mr. Doxey, lantern in hand, followed Walter through the opening, he followed Mr. Doxey.

They were just in time to see the unconscious



youth reach the bottom of a short flight of stone steps leading down below the level of the cellar floor.

From here a narrow passage led off into the darkness, and when Mr. Doxey gained the bottom of the steps he could see Walter walking straight ahead.

"This leads under the iron vault," he whispered. "I knew it! We did not dig deep enough. What an old crank John Doane must have been to be sure. There is no end to the secrets of this house."

But it was quite evident that Walter possessed the power to penetrate them from whatever source the power had been obtained.

Without pausing he continued on until suddenly the passage ended in a rounded niche, built up of rough stones, which according to Mr. Doxey's calculation must have been directly under the iron vault.

A cold chill seemed to shoot through the frame of the leather merchant. His teeth were chattering as badly as Tony's now.

Here it was—there was no need for Walter to point it out to them, nor did he make any attempt to do so, for once the end of the passage was gained he paused and remained motionless as though his work were done.

"Don't you see?" whispered Mr. Doxey. "Tony, the golden secret is mine at last. I shall be rich—rich beyond my wildest dreams."

In the center of the space before them stood a square block of stone, and resting upon it lay a copper box, the exact duplicate of the one which they had just opened in the cellar above.

Undoubtedly it had been placed there by old John Doane two hundred years before.

With trembling hands Mr. Doxey seized it.

Tony had brought the hammer and chisel with him, and they at once proceeded to force the lid.

There was no roll of paper beside the box this time—nothing, in fact, but a single sheet.

Eagerly Mr. Doxey bent forward and perused the few lines of crabbed writing scrawled upon it, Tony holding the lantern meanwhile.

"It's mine! The secret is mine!" he exclaimed, when suddenly a slight sound was heard in the passage behind.

"Dunder und blitzen! somepody coming!" breathed Tony.

"Out with the light!" whispered Mr. Doxey, seizing the lantern and closing the slide.

"Tony," he whispered—"Tony, there is some one coming!"

"Didn't I told yer."

"Have you got your revolver ready?"

"Yes."

"Then don't wait. We must make a rush."

At the same instant a bright light shot up before them, revealing the tall form of Old King Brady with a short, fat little fellow standing at his side.

"Halt!" called the detective. "One step and—"

"Bang, bang!"

Two shots from Mr. Doxey's revolver was the only answer, and the little man with a groan dropped the lantern which he carried and sank to the ground.

Bang, bang, bang, bang!

Now all was darkness, and in the confined space the reports rang out like claps of thunder.

"Forward!" shouted Mr. Doxey. "It's Old King Brady! He must never leave this place alive!"

## CHAPTER XXXI.

"IT IS FINISHED—FAREWELL!"

"FORWARD! It is Old King Brady! He must never leave the place alive."

Choerful, this, for the old detective who had come down to the house at the end of the arch with T. Lum's brother, never dreaming that the result would be anything like this.

The discovery of the new opening in the cellar wall which Mr. Doxey had neglected to close naturally led to the exploration of the underground passage by the two detectives.

It would be hard to tell which party was the most startled by the sharp and sudden encounter which followed.

For the Australian, who lay stretched upon the

floor of the passage, it had already proved most disastrous.

Now all was darkness, and left alone to face Mr. Doxey and Tony, who rushed upon him, firing as they came, Old King Brady began to realize that seldom in his long and eventful career had he got himself into a tighter box. In a word, the tables had been completely turned.

Prepared for a desperate struggle the detective leaped to one side, lowering his head in the hope of escaping the whizzing shots.

This saved him, and at the same time brought to light one more of the seemingly endless number of secret passages connected with the iron vault.

Unwittingly Old King Brady had turned in the darkness, and his head came in sudden and violent contact with the wall of the passage, which most unexpectedly yielded, bringing the detective down all in a heap.

"Dere dey come, boss! Dey hve got in behind us!" he heard the German shout, and the two men dashed past him.

Old King Brady quietly drew up his legs and closed the door.

The door?

Well, yes, it was a door!

It was not stone with which his head came in contact. On the contrary it was nothing more solid than wood.

Did Mr. Doxey share in Tony's fears; or finding the way clear, did he deem it the wisest plan to beat a retreat?

It is hard to tell, but one thing is certain, the sound of the hurrying footsteps of the two men soon died away in the distance, and the place presently assumed the stillness of the grave.

"A narrow escape!" breathed Old King Brady. "Confound the luck, if I only had been more cautious I might have brought this business to a sudden end, but now—"

He was too much disgusted to continue thinking about it, and he proceeded to gather himself up and see how matters stood.

Lighting a match he found that he was standing behind a rotting door of wood which had concealed a flight of steps leading upward, and upon opening the door he discovered the Australian standing before him with the bull's eye lantern lighted in his hand.

"Hello!" cried the detective, "then you are not as badly hurt as I feared?"

"Bah, no!" growled the little man contemptuously. "Doxey is no shot at all. I was hit on the shoulder—a mere scratch. Look here, Brady, we've acted like a couple of fools."

"So I say. Shall we follow them?"

"It would be useless. By this time they are out of the house. I suppose we—Hello! There's one of them now. Don't you see him standing there? We'll capture him anyway, and—"

"Thunder!" interrupted Old King Brady. "That is Walter Doane!"

It was a complete surprise, for until now the detective had not perceived Walter.

In a moment they were standing within the underground chamber.

Walter was leaning against the wall rigid and motionless. His eyes were closed—he seemed like one asleep.

"What ails him do you suppose?" whispered the Australian. "He acts like a person in a trance."

"It must be something of that sort," replied Old King Brady, for he had repeatedly pronounced the boy's name aloud, receiving no response.

"Brady, the mysteries of this place are past human understanding."

"Don't it seem so?"

"It certainly does. See, here is another box and empty like the one we discovered in the cellar. My friend, Doxey, has the best of us, that much is plain."

"But you don't propose to give up the fight?"

"Never, while I've a leg left to stand on. But first of all we must get this young man out of here. His condition is alarming."

"I agree with you there, and yet I can scarcely believe that he is asleep."

"Let me try him again," added old King Brady, and approaching Walter, he gently shook him.

"Walter! Walter!" he called. "Walter, wake up!"

He might as well have attempted to shake life into a block of wood.

"It isn't the slightest use," said the Australian. "I tell you again that the sooner we get him out of here the better. I only wish we had had sense enough to fire on Doxey and his accomplice the moment we first set eyes on them. Whatever these boxes may have contained, it is pretty certain that the secret of old John Doane's buried gold formed a part of their contents at least, and—hello! The boy is going to wake up of himself. See, Brady, see!"

Walter had suddenly straightened himself up and was moving his hand about in an aimless sort of way.

This, however, was only for an instant, for in the next he doubled up his fingers just as a man would do who was in the act of writing; more than this, he went through all the motions of one who is writing, but still his eyes remained closed.

"See here," whispered Old King Brady, "that boy wants to write something."

"Nonsense!"

"I tell you it's so. Have you never heard of persons writing in the trance state?"

"Often; but I don't believe any such rubbish."

"If you had seen all that I have seen in this mysterious house and the old churchyard above us, you would be ready to believe almost anything. I tell you, my friend, there are some things in nature which no man can explain. You may call them mesmerism, spiritism, second sight, or by whatever name you choose, but facts they are and facts they will remain until the end of time."

And while Old King Brady was speaking, Walter, still with closed eyes, continued the movement of his hand.

"I'm going to try him," exclaimed Old King Brady emphatically. "The devil is in this place, but if he is on our side we won't refuse his help."

He hastily produced a memorandum-book, and doubling it back pressed it against Walter's left hand.

Instantly the boy's fingers closed upon it.

It was just the same with a pencil, with which the detective next touched the fingers of the other hand.

There was no longer any question as to what Walter wanted, for he immediately began to write upon the open page.

"He's awake! He is humbugging us!" whispered the Australian.

"You are mistaken, he is asleep," answered Old King Brady. "Look at his eyes! Could they be more tightly closed? But watch him. Something seems to tell me that the end of this strange case is at hand."

Holding up the lantern T. Lum's brother followed the rapid movements of the pencil. Old King Brady's gaze was likewise fixed upon the book.

These are the words which shaped themselves upon the page:

"May truth and justice triumph. May the blood-stained treasure be put to some good use at last. Then shall the house of many secrets see the end. Amen."

"Boosh! The boy is humbugging us," the little man was heard to mutter, but Walter, who had paused for the instant, seemed wholly oblivious to the interruption, and now began to write again:

"Two boxes—one secret. Beware of Doxey—his was the fortune to gain the prize. Thus wrote John Doane two centuries ago, and thus write I, his daughter. Know me by my portrait. It hangs in the room above us, beside my father's on the left. Know now the contents of the paper taken by Doxey from the box buried in this vault."

"Really," muttered Old King Brady, "this is the most marvelous business I ever heard of."

He glanced at Walter suspiciously.

The boy had ceased to write and remained absolutely motionless, but after a moment he began again:

"Dungeon rock—the dungeon. A cross on the right hand, a skull on the left 1 foot 10 inches below high water mark. 26 links by the chain, measured from the skull, will fetch it. Dig deep."

"JOHN DOANE."



"Definite, I must say," muttered Old King Brady. "Where is this Dungeon Rock?"

"Pshaw! That's something everybody knows," replied the Australian. "It is in the town of Lynn, a little way off the coast. As long ago as when I was a boy it was rumored that there were buried treasures about Dungeon Rock. I have visited the place a hundred times—hello! What's the matter with the lantern?"

"Look out!" whispered Old King Brady. "It's coming. This is the way it always begins."

The light in the lantern had suddenly gone out.

"Great Peter! I'm as cold as ice!" breathed the Australian. "Brady, it's time we were getting out of this."

"Look! look! my friend!"

There was no need to speak.

What Old King Brady saw T. Lum's brother could scarcely fail to see also.

It was that same ghostly hand—that great and unexplainable mystery—which has played so prominent a part in our tale.

Slowly it seemed to form itself out of the darkness, small, white and shapely. Passing directly in front of the eyes of the old detective, it advanced toward Walter, and was seen to clasp his right wrist, for it seemed to shed a certain light of its own.

At the same instant the pencil and memorandum book fell to the floor.

Although deeply impressed by the strange vision, Old King Brady could no longer fear it.

Springing forward he seized the book, and when he had straightened up he saw that the hand seemed to be drawing Walter forward into the passage.

"Trickery!" breathed the Australian.

"Touch the hand and see," quietly responded Old King Brady, for they were following.

The little detective obeyed, instantly leaping back as though he had received an electric shock.

"Incomprehensible!" he muttered. "It stings like a galvanic battery!"

"Entirely beyond me," answered Old King Brady, dryly. "See—the hand is drawing him toward that door I stumbled over."

This was true.

As Walter, still insensible to his surroundings, moved forward the two detectives followed.

They could still see the hand standing out from the darkness with startling plainness, and radiating from it was that same uncertain light.

It showed the detectives Walter moving slowly through the now open door and up a short flight of stone steps.

It showed another door, which the unconscious youth was seen to open, and a moment later the night glow of the city burst upon them—they were in the iron vault.

At the same instant the door through which they had passed closed with a loud slam, and in its place was a wall of iron, in which one might, to all appearance, have searched for a door in vain.

"Look!" whispered Old King Brady, "the hand—it is floating away!"

"And the boy is opening that gate," muttered the little man. "I'm more interested in that just now than anything else."

He had scarcely finished speaking before Walter accomplished his purpose, and all three found themselves in the old King's Chapel church-yard.

With the same measured tread the boy moved among the head-stones toward the railing on the Tremont street side, and had almost reached it, when he suddenly stopped short, uttering a startled cry.

"Where am I? What's the matter?"

His eyes were wide open. He staggered, and would have fallen if Old King Brady had not put out his arm and caught him.

"Mr. Brady!" he exclaimed. "You! How came I here? I thought—"

"Look! look!" came suddenly from the Australian detective.

Off in the direction of the iron vault the ghostly form of a woman robed in white could be distinctly seen moving among the tombs.

"The ghost! the ghost!" cried Walter, awakened from his strange sleep at last.

At the same instant the figure raised its right hand, and a voice was heard to say in clear distinct tones:

"It is finished. Farewell!"

Then with a gliding movement the apparition gained the iron vault and vanished behind the grated door.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### DUNGEON ROCK.

"THERE are things in heaven and earth never dreamed of in our philosophy," says Shakespeare, and Old King Brady, had he been a Shakespearean scholar, must by this time have been pretty thoroughly convinced that the immortal bard spoke the truth.

But leaving the old detective to puzzle his brains over the mysteries of the haunted churchyard, let us shift the scene to the early evening hours of the day following, when a small cat-boat in which sat three men might have been seen moving along the rocky coast of Massachusetts, in the immediate neighborhood of Lynn.

"Jack, you are sure you know the place?" inquired the eldest of the party—in his rough fisherman's dress, it would have been scarcely possible to recognize the prim, precise and elegant Mr. Doxey—of the man who was attending to the sail.

"Cock sure, boss. I spent the hull morning locating it. That 'ere's Dungeon Rock right ahead of us. We'll be alongside in less'n ten minutes of this breeze 'll only hold. And Dutchy will quit twisting about in the bows."

"Who's a-twistin'?" growled a young man of still rougher appearance even than Mr. Doxey.

It must be admitted that a full dress suit would have been a much more effectual disguise for the ungainly limbs of Tony the Tramp.

"I wuz only tryin' to see if we wuz bein' followed. Blame dot old man Prady! We'd orter cooked his goose while we had the chance."

"And whose fault was it that we didn't?" snapped Mr. Doxey, when the skipper suddenly put in his oar.

"Oh, say, come on now, that's all waste breath. You'd orter killed that blame detective while you had the chance. No one disputes that. You hadn't orter have left that boy behind you nohow nuther. There you wuz a fool, but there ain't no more chance of seeing Brady down here to-night than there is of seein' the devil, and—"

"And Jack Lusk, alias Jim the Locksmith, would just as soon see one as the other," interrupted Mr. Doxey, with a short laugh.

"Look here boys," he added, "this is my last throw. And there must be no nonsense about it. The leather business is ruined, Doxey and Dow suspend to-morrow unless we succeed in unearthing old John Doane's buried millions to-night, Jack, you are right. Blunders or no blunders, I've got the paper describing the location of the treasure, and without the first blessed thing to guide him how is Old King Brady going to get on to our game, I'd like to know?"

"Yah, dot's all ride, but he's got a long head, dot detective," muttered Tony. "Dot's all what I've got to say."

"And you've said a blame sight more than there's any call for already," growled the burglar. "Fend off there, will you? I'm going to run her into the dungeon. That's the talk! In she goes! Now then, Mr. Doxey, here we are."

It was altogether a singular place in which they now found themselves.

Jim, the Locksmith, had run the boat into a natural cavern, barely large enough to receive it. A veritable hole in the wall, eaten out by the waves which broke against the base of the rocks here towering a hundred feet above their heads.

Here all was dark and very still compared with the thundering of the waves outside.

At no other point for the distance of half a mile on either side would it have been possible for a boat to approach within twenty yards of the cliffs.

"Jack, you're a trump! There can't be the slightest doubt about this being the place," exclaimed Mr. Doxey, triumphantly.

"Of course it's the place. This 'ere's the dun-

geon. Oh, you bet I'm posted. Tony, show us the glim."

The light of Tony's bull's-eye revealed a shallow chamber extending back a short distance into the gloom, but hollowed out above them to a greater height than the eye could reach.

"We'll have to leave the boat right here," said the locksmith. "Tide's full now, and when it's low this 'ere craft will be aground where she stands. Blame me, Doxey, but here's an old rusty ring sot into the rock. Just the very thing."

"And put there by old John Doane for this very purpose, I dare swear," exclaimed Mr. Doxey. "Boys, we're certainly on the right track."

A few moments later and Mr. Doxey had reason to be confirmed in this.

Wading to the little stretch of sand which formed the floor of the cove, he began work at once.

"A skull on one side and a cross on the other, that's what the paper means if it means anything," remarked the leather merchant. "Tony, give me the lantern, and help Jack fetch the chain and the three spades from the boat."

There was no holding back now. While his companion proceeded to follow his instructions, Mr. Doxey took the lantern and began carefully examining the rocky wall of the cavern on the left hand side.

"By George! I've found it!" he exclaimed at last—it was just as the spades and a long, iron chain had been thrown down upon the sand. "Look, boys! here's the skull!"

Sure enough!

Low down upon the wall some one had chiseled out of the rock the exact representation of a human skull, attached to which was a rusty iron hook.

"Fasten on the chain and follow me!" exclaimed Mr. Doxey, in great excitement, and he sprang over to the other side of the cavern and continued his search.

Yes, there was the cross, and in its center another hook, to which the chain was speedily attached.

The next move was to count off twenty-six links of the chain, beginning at the skull, and here Mr. Doxey drove a stake deep into the sand, and all three sat down to wait for the tide to recede.

Their patience was tried for no great length of time.

Already the tide was on the ebb, and before the cigars produced by the leather merchant were fully smoked out, the waves had ceased to reach the stake.

"Now's the time, boys!" exclaimed Mr. Doxey, springing up.

Each seized a spade and distributing themselves along the line of the chain the digging began.

Spadeful after spadeful of sand was thrown up until, after half an hour's hard work, they found themselves standing in a trench at least six feet deep.

"Keep at it—keep at it! We must dig deep!" exclaimed Mr. Doxey, encouragingly.

The words had scarcely escaped him when the spade struck with a ringing sound against some hard, metallic substance.

"Hooray!" shouted Tony, when all in the same instant a fearful crash went echoing through the recesses of the cave.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### UNEARTHED AT LAST.

"GREAT schimminy!" cried Tony, letting fall his spade as the crashing sound echoed through the cavern. "Vat vos dot?"

He would have leaped from the trench in his terror had not the locksmith caught his arm and pulled him back; as it was they managed to overturn the lantern between them, and utter darkness was the result.

"Confound you twol! Be quiet, can't you?" whispered Mr. Doxey, none the less startled than his companions.

For the space of several moments all remained motionless, but no sound reached their ears save the dashing of the waves against the rocks.



Stooping down Mr. Doxey picked up the lantern, and hurriedly lighted it.

"We're a parcel of fools," he grumbled. "It's nothing but some loose rock dislodged by the water, that's all."

"Of course you're right," said the burglar, "but with a dozen years in limbo staring a fellow in the face he has a right to be nervous—especially in such a dismal hole as this."

"There, there, we've wasted time enough, boys!" exclaimed the leather merchant. "To work! success is ours. I shall be liberal—you may count on your share."

"And if it ain't half I'll twist the rope round your neck," thought the locksmith, but he was careful not to express his thoughts aloud.

Now came active work with a vengeance.

Spadeful after spadeful of earth was thrown out of the hole, each thrust sending back that cheerful sound iron clanking against iron—the perspiration poured off the faces of the diggers like rain.

"We've got it, boys! We've got it, sure!" cried Mr. Doxey, jubilantly, as a mass of rusty iron presently revealed itself.

And so they had.

A few moments of persistent effort and a large chest of iron stood disclosed.

It was about four feet in length by three in width, and something less than three feet deep.

The top and sides were heavily studded with rusty rivets; indeed a thick coating of rust covered its entire surface. There was little reason to doubt that it contained old John Doane's treasures buried for two hundred years.

"At last!" breathed Mr. Doxey, mopping his head. "There's nothing like perseverance. I knew I should succeed."

Now came the problem of raising the chest from the trench.

It was tremendously heavy, but by the aid of the chain, which was passed beneath it, after much pulling and prying they finally had the satisfaction of seeing it landed upon the sand above.

"Let us take it directly to the boat," suggested Mr. Doxey. "The sooner we get away from here the better."

"Oh, no! I say open it now," said the locksmith decidedly. "There must be no funny business about this, boss. I'm in for my full share."

"Who said you wasn't?" retorted Mr. Doxey. "You're entirely too suspicious. However, have your way. Here goes."

He raised the crowbar which had been brought from the boat with the spades, and struck heavily upon the lid of the chest.

The rust must have eaten deeply into the iron, for the bar immediately penetrated it, and there was no more difficulty in prying up the lid than if it had been made of wood.

As the three men bent over it, a simultaneous exclamation of satisfaction escaped them.

The chest was filled with treasure to the very brim.

Gold coins by the thousands lay before them, and sprinkled among them were unset gems, diamonds, sapphires and rubies, sparkling brilliantly in the lantern's light.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Tony. "Look at it. Look at it!"

"Look at nothing!" said Mr. Doxey, hurriedly. "Now we are going. We've got all we want to do to take care of this. Boys lend a hand. We must get it to the boat."

But it was useless to attempt to carry the chest in its present condition.

Not until they had half emptied it of its contents, piling the gold and gems upon Tony's coat which was spread down upon the sand for the purpose, were Mr. Doxey and Jim the Locksmith able to move the chest.

"You stay here, Tony, and keep watch," said the leather merchant. "We'll carry it down to the boat and return for the rest."

The tide had now receded almost to the mouth of the cave, and in the gloom the boat was not visible. Still neither of the treasure hunters had entertained the slightest doubt that it was not where they had left it, attached to the iron ring.

"Thunder! Where's the boat?" exclaimed the

locksmith, as staggering under their burden the two men gained the water's edge.

It had vanished.

Not a trace of it was to be discovered.

There was the ring with a piece of the painter attached.

"It has broken loose!" cried Mr. Doxey, in dismay.

"Broken be blowed! This rope has been cut!"

"Impossible!"

"I tell you it's so!"

"We must have light here!" exclaimed Mr. Doxey. "Tony! Tony! bring down the lantern!" he called.

There was no response.

"Tony! Tony! What the mischief ails you?" he repeated. "The boat is gone, man! Bring the lantern at once."

The echo of his words through the cavern was the sole reply.

"Confound the fellow, what's come over him? Has he gone to sleep?" growled the locksmith, and without pausing to call again he started back up the sand.

A thousand vague fears began to fill the mind of Mr. Doxey as he watched him.

The light was still burning when the locksmith started, and for a moment Mr. Doxey was able to follow him with his eye, when all at once man and light both vanished, and utter darkness reigned.

Genuine terror now seized the watcher.

Grasping his revolver he crept stealthily back.

"Jack!" he called, "Jack!" using the locksmith's true name with which he was most familiar.

There was no answer.

When Mr. Doxey reached the trench he came within an ace of stumbling into it.

"Jack! Tony!" he shouted again, and still no reply.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### CLOSING IN.

"Now then, we've got 'em!" said Old King Brady. "In half an hour they will be at the cave ready to begin their work. We are closing in, Walter—we are closing in."

"Yes," added the Australian detective, "and the joke of it is, Brady, we are going to make them do all the hard work. Where's the use in our breaking our backs digging up my great-great-grandfather's buried treasure when we've got some one else to do the job?"

"Your great-great-grandfather! What do you mean?" cried Walter, in amazement.

"Hello!" exclaimed Old King Brady. "Now the cat is out of the bag."

It was just at nightfall on the evening of which we have been speaking, and Walter, with Old King Brady and T. Lum's brother, was standing upon the summit of that lonely cliff by the sea, known as Dungeon Rock.

Old King Brady through a glass had been watching the movements of a small boat, which was slowly beating its way up the shore.

It had been the suggestion of the old detective.

"Doxey will lose no time in seeking the buried treasure," he had said to the Australian detective, after spending the morning in a vain search for the leather merchant at his usual haunts. "He has learned the secret at last, and if we want to find Doxey we must look for him at this Dungeon Rock."

"Precisely what I was about to suggest," had been the answer. "Place yourself in my hands, Brady. I'll guide you. When I was a boy I lived in Lynn. I doubt if you could find a man who knows Dungeon Rock better than myself."

That it proved so was shall presently see.

Taking an early train for Lynn, the two detectives, accompanied by Walter, had hurried to the rock.

Now their patient wait for two hours seemed likely to be rewarded, for Old King Brady felt certain that the three men in the approaching boat could be none other than those they sought.

"Yes, the cat is out of the bag!" laughed the Australian. "I had intended to keep this for a final surprise. You wanted to know my name, Brady—learn it now. It is Doane!"

"Not my father!" exclaimed Walter, trembling with excitement.

"No; but your uncle, my boy. I am Oliver Doane; the man you knew as T. Lum was my twin brother. Thomas, your father, was the eldest of our family—he died years ago."

"Then the treasure if discovered belongs to you, and not to our young friend here?" said Old King Brady.

"Not at all. You forget that will of old John Doane's. It leaves everything to his descendants if the eighth generation—that's Walter. I have neither child nor child."

"And the will—did they get it from you when they sent you to State prison?" demanded old King Brady, turning abruptly to Walter.

Walter laughed.

"Oh, no! I looked out for that," he answered. "I gave the will and those old title deeds into the charge of the lawyer who defended me. He has them safe. I saw him only a day or two ago."

Familiar with Dungeon Rock?

No one watching the little detective could have doubted it.

Stretched flat upon the rock at the edge of the cliff they continued to observe the boat until the moment Jim the Locksmith headed it into the mouth of the cave.

"Now is our time!" whispered the Australian. "They flatter themselves that there is but one way into that hole, but we know better. It will be the easiest thing in the world to get that boat out of sight in the way I showed you. Fools! they little imagine that we have it in our power to watch every movement they make."

He arose, and followed by his companions, led the way down into a narrow cleft in the rock, at the bottom of which a small opening revealed itself, barely big enough to admit the body of a man.

Crawling through this they next found themselves within a long and narrow cavern, extending steeply downward, and Mr. Doane cautioning them to be as noiseless as possible, climbed down until a level stretch of sandy beach was gained.

It was a natural cave, not unlike the Dungeon in its formation, and off at one side Old King Brady perceived the faint glimmering of a light.

"They are at it," he whispered.

"Yes, and we are all ready for them," was the answer. "They'll never take the trouble to explore the recesses of the Dungeon, consequently they'll not find the opening which connects the two caves. Come, my friends. We can watch every movement they make, and when the right moment comes we'll pounce down upon them. As soon as they are well at work I'll move the boat, and if it comes to a fight I'll show that scoundrel Doxey no more mercy than he showed my poor brother two years ago."

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

##### CONCLUSION.

To attempt to describe the sensations of Mr. Doxey when he found himself in the darkness and apparently alone in the cavern would be undertaking a difficult task.

Terror mingled with deep perplexity seized him upon him.

There had been no outcry, no sound of a struggle, and yet one after another his companions had disappeared—vanished, as it were, before his very eyes.

Recollections of the strange and unexplainable occurrences in the haunted house and the iron vault flashed across him.

"Is there actually some supernatural power working against me?" he thought. "Have the ghosts of the Doanes followed me to this place? I begin to think that I was a fool ever to have meddled with this business. On the day I discovered those documents behind the picture I was rich and prosperous; but since then every blessed thing has gone wrong."

He listened attentively, scarcely daring to call to his companions again.

He would have struck a light, but unfortunately his last match had been used when Tony knocked the lantern over in the trench.

What could he do? Which way should he go?

With the pirates' vast treasure within reach of



his hand, his condition seemed helpless to the last degree.

So far as he was aware, there existed but one entrance to the cavern—that opening upon the ocean. The boat had vanished. He could not swim a stroke!

"Tony! Jack!" he called desperately at last. "For God's sake, speak up and tell me that you are there!"

Still there was no answer.

Maddened by the continued silence, Mr. Doxey sprang back, and would have retraced his steps to the place where the chest had been deposited, when suddenly the sharp click of a revolver made itself heard in the darkness before him, and a deep voice cried:

"Halt!"

The leather merchant came to a sudden standstill, trembling in every limb.

"Throw down your revolver!" continued the voice. "Quick! Down with it! Beware, for you are covered. Attempt to use it, and you die!"

A groan escaped the baffled treasure-seeker, but the revolver dropped upon the sand.

"Who murdered Kate Doxey?"

In another and a totally different voice came the question, ringing out through the cave.

In vain Mr. Doxey sought to move—his limbs seemed paralyzed. In sheer desperation he would have spoken; but such was the horror that had seized him that he could not utter a sound.

"Answer, you scoundrel!" the voice repeated. "Who murdered Kate Doxey?"

"Don't ask me—ask Tony," he could hear the voice of the locksmith say. Desperate as was the situation, it was almost a relief.

"Who murdered Kate Doxey?"

Again for the third time the question was repeated.

"Vell, don'd you know blame vell Doxey did it himself and I seen him?" whined the voice of Tony. "Take dat gun away from my head—take it away!"

"As God hears me it was an accident!" burst from the lips of Mr. Doxey. "Men—devils, whatever you may be, here's the truth. I never meant to kill her. I thought it was that brat, Walter Doane, standing at the window. I—oh—let go! Don't touch me! I—Old King Brady! I might have known it! The jig is up!"

Light had suddenly filled the recesses of the cavern—light proceeding from two bull's-eye lanterns.

It showed Mr. Doxey and Tony the Tramp lying upon the sand, covered by the revolver of Walter Doane; it showed him Jim, the Locksmith, in a similar plight covered by a little man, marvelously like T. Lum, while clutching his arm was Old King Brady, who held a cocked revolver thrust within an inch of his face.

"We find the prisoner guilty of murder in the second degree!"

So said the jury.

The prisoner was Mr. Theophrastus Doxey, once one of the most prosperous merchants in the "Hub," who had been tried for the killing of Thomas Doane, the eccentric Philadelphia lawyer, better known to our readers under the name of T. Lum.

Present in the court at the time the jury handed in this verdict were Old King Brady, Oliver Doane, the Australian detective, and his nephew, Walter, the hero of our tale.

It was the end of the mysterious case which had so puzzled Old King Brady, yet virtually the case had ended in the cave beneath Dungeon Rock.

Watching his chance Old King Brady had fallen upon Tony, and a moment later Mr. Doane seized Jim, the Locksmith—thus was ready the old detective for Mr. Doxey when he came.

For Old King Brady and his companions had been silent witnesses to the movements of the three men almost from the moment they entered the cave.

The rout was complete. In a few moments the prisoners were securely handcuffed. It had been a crushing defeat.

Yes, it was all over, and to dwell upon details is quite useless. Otherwise we might tell you the boat was securely fastened just out of sight around the entrance to the cave; how Walter, assisted by his uncle and Old King Brady, loaded her with the pirate's treasure, and accompanied by their prisoners, made the run to Lynn in safety and in less than an hour's time.

But all this happened six months before the trial, and is, therefore, ancient history to a certain extent.

Long since the treasure has been disposed of, and we must not neglect to mention that the amount realized from the sale of gold and gems exceeded two hundred thousand dollars all told.

A nice round sum for Walter to begin life with if the boy had means enough to assert his rights under old John Doane's will.

This, however, he positively refused to do, and as Old King Brady was just as determined not to accept anything beyond a substantial reward for his trouble, the remainder was divided between Walter and his uncle, share and share alike.

It was something of a disappointment to Walter that the district-attorney decided to try Mr. Doxey not for the murder of his adopted daughter, but for that of the eccentric lawyer, Thomas Doane.

There was, however, excellent reason for this.

Jack Lusk, alias Jim, the Locksmith, whom Old King Brady regarded as his own particular prize, and who, by the way, went to Sing Sing for his New York burglary, made a full confession the moment he found the jail doors closed behind his back.

He was one of those who had assisted in raising the coffin in the iron vault, and he positively swore that he saw Doxey shoot T. Lum, and Tony's testimony was added to his.

But in regard to the murder of Walter's sister the case was different.

While Mr. Doxey's own admissions made the negative taken from Mr. Deike's collection useless, there was still nothing to prove that the shooting had not been the result of accident, as claimed.

Probably this was true—hence Mr. Doxey's genuine sorrow at the time. Still that he had intended to rid himself of Walter and thus claim the treasure for his own and publicly, seemed more than likely. The truth will never be known.

Even Tony, who had gone into the unoccupied house to sleep, and had surprised Mr. Doxey in the act of pointing the pistol across the alley at the

window—and this had been the result of the blackmailing operations afterward—could not prove that he actually intended to shoot the girl.

Perhaps it was just as well he couldn't. There was no charge upon which to hold Tony, and he was finally set free.

Thus it was decided to take up the other case, and the result was that Mr. Doxey occupies Walter's old cell in the Concord State prison to-day.

On the night following the capture the opium den was seized, and Mr. Doxey's connection with the establishment was made public in the same newspapers which announced the failure of Doxey & Dow.

A week later Walter's attorneys filed the documents relating to the old house at the end of the arch, and claimed the property for his client.

Other claimants appeared, and there was also a large claim by the city for taxes.

The result was a long and tedious law suit, which resulted in Walter's being finally awarded the property, the value of which was a hundred thousand dollars—we refer to the land, for the house had since been removed—and Walter, now one of Boston's most successful business men, sold the city a few years since.

Thus ended the strangest case in which Old King Brady ever had a hand. But although it is ended, much that was mysterious about it is still unexplained.

We do not refer to Walter's remarkable escape from the Charles street jail. That may have been the result of bribery on the part of T. Lum, or of accident—no one will ever know.

Nor to Old King Brady's mishap on the Cambridge bridge, for the detective has long since become convinced that Doxey was the man who pushed him—that the leather merchant was on his way to his tannery, and that he was the person whom he heard plotting with Moses Lusk.

No; we refer to the remarkable experiences in the old house at the end of the arch and in the churchyard of the King's Chapel.

Indeed it was these mysteries that made us hesitate when first we thought of writing the history of the case.

But is not the world full of such mysteries?

Have there not been houses in every land where things just as marvelous and just as inexplicable have taken place?

Certainly there have, and such houses exist to-day, the terror of the timid and the puzzle of scientists. Probably they will continue to be until the end of time.

No, we cannot explain these mysteries, but we must not neglect to add that from the night old John Doane's treasure, concealed with such precautions, was unearthed, ghosts troubled the old house no more.

When they came to pull it down a perfect labyrinth of underground passages was discovered.

Among the portraits in the parlor there was one of a young woman which most strongly resembled Walter's murdered sister and at the same time bore an equally remarkable likeness to the shadowy form which haunts the church-yard no more.

But this shed no light on the problem.

The mystery of the HAUNTED CHURCH-YARD is a mystery still.

[THE END.]

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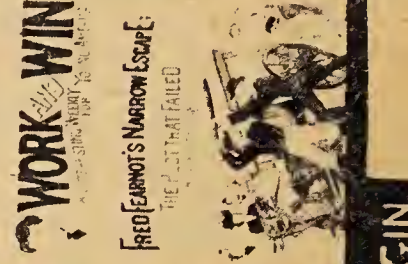
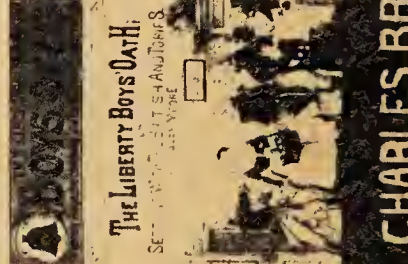
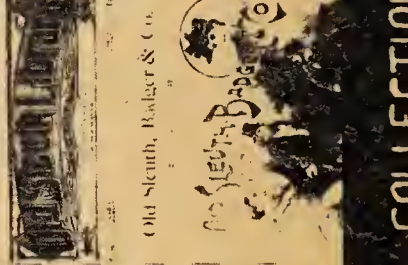
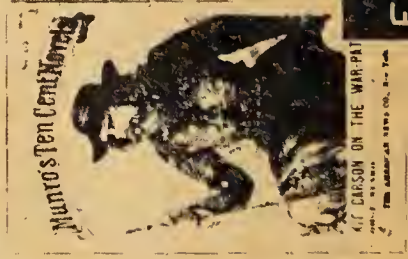
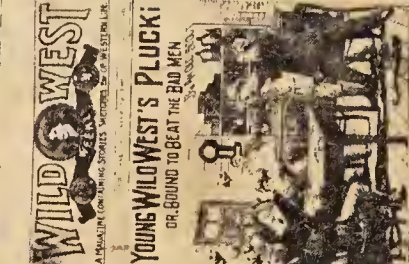
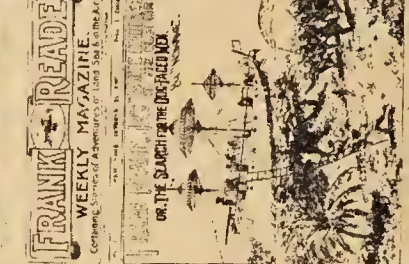
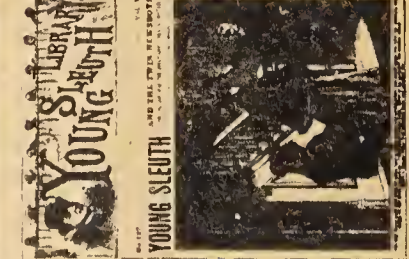
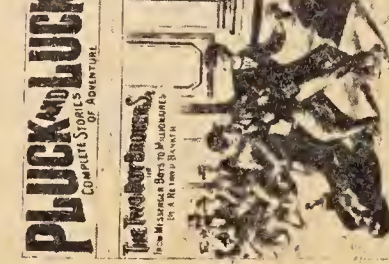
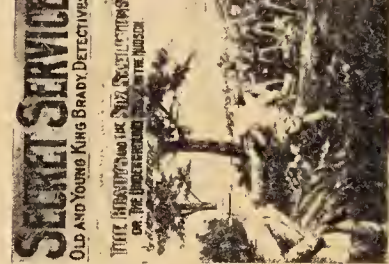
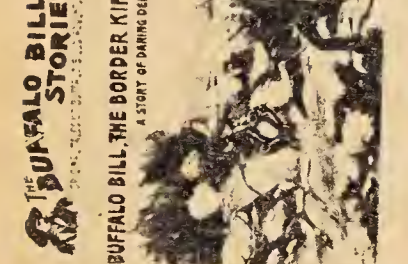
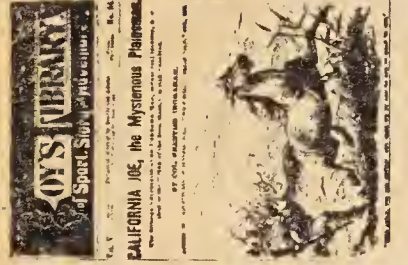
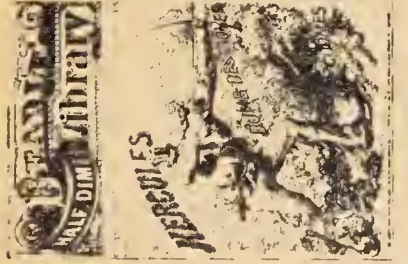
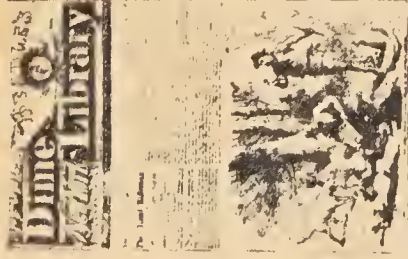
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